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No. 1,675.—VOL. LXV.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 22, 1887.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$1.00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS, \$1.00.



OUR NEW NAVY.—EXPERIMENTS IN ASSAULT AND DEFENSE—ATTACK OF TORPEDO-BOATS ON THE CRUISER "ATLANTA"
IN THE HARBOR OF NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, OCTOBER 11TH.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 150.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.
NEW YORK, OCTOBER 22, 1887.

THE QUESTION OF STATE SOVEREIGNTY.

THE line of demarkation between the sovereignty of the United States and that of the separate States composing the Union has been a subject of fierce disputes, in and out of the Courts, ever since the National Government was founded, and it will scarcely be denied that in some of its aspects the question is difficult of settlement upon grounds satisfactory to the parties concerned. That the States, within certain limits, are absolutely sovereign is universally admitted, and the sovereignty of the United States within certain other lines is equally certain. Unfortunately, however, the Constitution does not so clearly define the jurisdiction of the National Government as to place the matter beyond dispute, and it is doubtful if three-fourths of the States could be brought to agree to any amendment by which the question might be settled. The issue is a perpetual stumbling-block for the Courts, and a source of strife between the political parties.

It comes to the front just now in a form more aggravating than ever before. The State of Virginia, proud and imperious, and from the beginning jealous of the National authority, is engaged in what most people beyond her own limits regard as a discreditable effort to repudiate a part of her public debt. This raises a legal question between the State and a portion of her debtors upon which the latter have already procured a decision favorable to themselves in the Supreme Court of the United States. In other words, the Court has decided that the disputed debt is legally due, and that the efforts of Virginia, by means of her own legislation, to avoid payment, are unconstitutional. Judge Bond, of the United States Circuit Court, upon appeal made to him by those concerned to enforce their rights under the decision above referred to, enjoined the State officers from executing the State laws conflicting with that decision, and designed to nullify it. The State officers disregarded the injunction and defied the authority of the Court, and Judge Bond thereupon committed them for contempt, and at this writing they are in jail. An appeal for their discharge upon habeas corpus has been made to the full bench of the Supreme Court. One of the prisoners is Attorney-general Ayers, and every legal expedient will be resorted to for his enlargement. The State is intensely agitated, and no stone will be left unturned that promises to give the final victory to the champions of the State rights doctrine.

Upon the main question, decided two years ago, the Judges were divided, five to four. The question was whether a State officer could be sued in a Federal Court by an individual, and whether an injunction would lie in favor of an individual against a State officer. Virginia pleaded the Eleventh Amendment of the Constitution, which exempts a State from suits brought by citizens without its consent; but the Court drew a distinction between the State and its officers, and between officers acting under a State law which is constitutional and one which is unconstitutional, and held that a State officer acting under a State law repugnant to the Constitution of the United States might be sued by an individual in a Federal Court or be enjoined by a Federal Judge. It would seem from this that Judge Bond in no way exceeded his authority, and that he must, therefore, be sustained by the higher Court. But the law has many ins and outs, and it is impossible to predict the result in this important case.

FAILURE OF COERCION.

IT is not for want of severity that the English Government finds itself checkmated in its "vigorous" application of the law for enforcing order in Ireland. Peasants have been evicted as cruelly as possible, meetings have been broken up, and innocent persons killed by the police; the League has been proclaimed, and freemen have been tried and sentenced with alacrity by magistrates, who judge not only the alleged offense, but also the offenses unheard of; and all these thorough measures have thoroughly failed to help Mr. Balfour, while they have sickened Lord Salisbury. The Irish people remain distressingly quiet and self-contained, and go about their lawful business and hold their lawful meetings; and the Government can do nothing. It is face to face with a ruin brought on by its own brutal indifference to right and to reason, and, what is even worse in the eyes of a shifty statesman, by its incompetence and want of sagacity.

The Government wished to make examples. It tried Mr. O'Brien, and found him guilty on two counts, though the trial was only on one. It prosecuted Mr. Sullivan for publishing in the *Nation* a notice of a meeting of the League; and then it could not prove the meeting. If such headless blundering had characterized the actions of the League or of the Home Rulers, what fine Anglo-Saxon sarcasm would have been uttered at the expense of these "hysterical Celts," who are unfitted for the business of life, and wholly incapacitated for self-government!

All things come round to those who wait. The Salisbury Government is finishing itself without redemption, and the friends of Ireland have only to stand by and look on at the dissolution. It is not necessary to strike a blow. Courage and patience, vigilance and union, have worked wonders, and they will bring about the triumph of the right, even more speedily than an army with banners.

EDISON ON PATENTS.

IF one were to seek for a synonym for the lofty word "civilization," one might approximately find it in the humble word "machinery." Modern comforts are mainly the result of improved mechanical devices. The machinery now in the United States represents the power of 800,000,000 men, or at least fifty times as much productive capacity as all the working men and women in the country!

From this tremendous outcome of ingenuity the corollary is naturally deduced that our Patent Office is just about what it should be. But Mr. Edison, an inventor more interested in the protection of new methods than any other person in the world, declares to a representative of this paper that the Patent Office is a comparatively useless appendage of the Government; that the laws for the defense of inventors are often, if not chiefly, potent for the protection of pirates and swindlers; that men who invent the most valuable things are seldom protected in the use and sale of them; that the Government offers a premium to frauds and perjurers, and protects any infringement, if enough persons can be induced to "remember" something that never happened; and that for himself, he will henceforth appeal to the patent laws only when he must, and protect himself by keeping his methods entirely secret when he can.

When asked if he thinks trade secrets are in the public interest, Mr. Edison says: "No; I think they are directly opposed to the public interest; but I shall resort to them because the Government gives me no adequate protection. Worthless patents are protected because nobody wants them badly enough to organize a conspiracy of perjurers; but as soon as a patent is really valuable, half a dozen men at once come forward, each of whom swears that he invented and used it years before, but was kept from patenting it by the fact of not having \$50 whereabouts to pay the patent fees. He induces his neighbors to remember it, and the inventor is robbed."

Mr. Edison proposes, as a remedy, the abolition of the present patent laws and the substitution of a simple law authorizing any man to file a patent for anything on payment of \$1, and his protection by the Government in its exclusive use for seventeen years unless it can be shown before a competent Board to have been invented by somebody else, in which case no patent should be granted to anybody. This would, he thinks, speedily cut off mere perjurers and charlatans who now live by plundering honest men; and, though occasional injustice would be done, the net result would be equity.

So radical and sweeping a change as that demanded by the Wizard of Llewellyn Park is not likely to be made without very serious consideration; but the fate of the Goodyear patents, and later, of the Electric-light patents, shows that some important modification of our patent system is desirable. Doubtless the carrying out of Mr. Edison's suggestion of a Board of Experts to try cases in place of the Commissioner, who is sometimes an honest and even an intelligent man, but never an expert, would go far towards baffling pirates and promoting justice. The reduction of fees to \$1, or some merely nominal sum, would be in the same direction, for it would deprive plunderers of the poverty plea, on which they now so much rely.

It would scarcely be safe for the Government to guarantee an exclusive patent for doing anything to the man who first filed papers for it; for some thrifty person might then file a *caveat* for driving nails with a hammer or driving a horse with reins, and levy contributions on all his fellow-citizens; and thus would piracy become aggravated. But it seems as if a Board of Experts might be appointed, so honest and so well informed as to be enabled to designate and protect all new and valuable devices, and thus defend both patentees and people in their respective rights. The interests of industry in America require that patent laws shall not be so framed or administered as to despoil inventors of the fruits of their ingenuity.

THE DARK SIDE OF RURAL LIFE.

THE Bureau of Statistics at Washington, under authority of an Act passed by the last Congress, has begun the collection of facts and figures regarding divorces in the United States during the past twenty years. It was recently announced that the agent who is gathering the data in Maine went to that State expecting to find only about 2,000 cases, or an average of 100 a year, but that "the field is much more fruitful than he anticipated," and the likelihood now is that the grand total will foot up 10,000 at least, or an average of 500 a year, which is at the rate of one for every 1,300 of the population. At the recent term of the County Court for Rutland County, Vt., 44 applications for divorce were on file, which was at the rate of one divorce for about every 1,000 of the population.

Outside a few manufacturing cities, the population of

Maine is almost entirely devoted to agricultural pursuits, and the people live for the most part in farming towns. Rutland County, in Vermont, has only one large town, the remainder of the population being found in little rural communities. The prevalence of divorce in such sections, therefore, cannot be attributed to the idleness, dissipation and moralization of urban life. The distractions and temptations of the city are commonly credited with being prime factors in breaking up family relations, and yet we find the sanctity of those relations equally threatened in the quiet and peace of the most retired village.

The dark side of rural life only grows darker when we scan the causes of these numerous divorces, and learn how often they are granted because of the husband's cruelty. Five applications were allowed to wives at one day's session of the Vermont Court, and three of the five were on the ground of "intolerable severity" by the husbands. Such a fact gives an outsider a glimpse into a state of things which exists much more frequently than is generally supposed.

A pleasanter way of spending a fortnight's vacation cannot easily be found than the taking of a carriage drive along the valleys and over the hills of New Hampshire and Vermont. The scenery is charming, the roads are generally good, and one can almost always find a comfortable inn for the night. But there is one sad drawback to the enjoyment of the trip for a person of any sensibility. He cannot fail to be struck by the weary and often hopeless faces of the women in many farmhouses. The husband looks strong, vigorous, capable of much enjoyment of life, while the wife appears weak, fagged, tired of existence. Perhaps you find that noon has overtaken you in some village which has no place of public entertainment, and you must apply at a farmhouse for dinner. Very likely you will get a good meal after some delay, but very likely also your conscience will reproach you when you see the overworked woman, whose load your unexpected appearance has made a little heavier.

The truth is that the farmer too often treats his wife as a beast of burden, and even sometimes fails to bestow upon her the care which he would give a valuable animal. Everywhere there are brawny "hired men" who might relieve her of heavy drudgery; they will be found sitting idle while she drags through her never-ending round of duties. It is but a step from neglect to abuse, and many a farmer, almost before he knows it, has been guilty of "intolerable severity."

The isolation of the farmhouse tends to develop abuse of womankind, and the lack of society prevents the application of public sentiment to offenders. Husbands and wives need to mix with other people for their own best good, and many a man who in solitude might degenerate into indifference or cruelty will be saved by frequent association with his townsfolk. The farmers' club is therefore a godsend to every rural community, and there is no doubt that a well-supported grange would be found to perceptibly diminish the divorce rate.

THE CONVENTION OF KNIGHTS.

THE Knights of Labor Convention at Minneapolis has fulfilled the predictions made for it in two respects. The falling off in membership is about one-third, the Order now having not quite half a million members in good standing. There has also been a fight. The result is a victory for Mr. Powderly, and he will be re-elected without trouble. This is a good thing for the Knights, and for the public also. Powderly is a conservative among the labor reformers, thoroughly devoted to advancing the workingmen through education, organization and the ballot, and is opposed to violence of any sort, and to strikes except as a last resort. His tendency and the strength of his influence were shown when he went upon the floor of the convention and led the fight against the resolution of sympathy with the Anarchists which Quinn, of this city, offered, defeating it by a vote of 151 to 52.

To supplant such a man with a hot-head like Barry, of Michigan, or a blatherskite like Litchman, would be to prop a powerful organization along the paths of mischief and violence. The support of Powderly by the great majority of Knights, in spite of an organized opposition to him, is the most creditable thing known of the rank and file of the Order, excepting the disapproval of lawlessness shown in the vote upon the Anarchist resolution, which must be cold comfort to the blood-and-plunder leaders who make speeches from beer-kegs when a strike is on. When the anti-administration party saw that their campaign against Powderly would fail, they turned their attention to an attack upon Litchman, the secretary, intending to impeach him, though they may very likely abandon their original purpose in the interests of "harmony." The "demands" made in the resolutions are not unusual or specially important, the support of the Blair Education Bill being the most notable.

A feature of the meeting has been a newspaper canvass of the Presidential preferences of delegates and their views of the wisdom of supporting a national labor party. Powderly and a few of the conservatives do not want such a party at present, but the majority either urge such a party next year or say that it is inevitable, and the estimates of its strength show that it would be substantially supported in almost every State in the Union. Most of the delegates indorse Henry George as a candidate. A few prefer Powderly, some of the negroes from the South want to vote for Robert T. Lincoln, and enthusiastic Republicans from the Territories stick to "Jim Blaine." Evidently if George and Dr. McGlynn get their "commonwealth party" under way next year, it will draw the Knights of Labor vote.

IDEAS IN THE NEW SOUTH.

THE Southern States are not merely hospitable ground on which to sow the seeds of political instruction in any manner that leaves old issues to their slumber. They are filling up with and developing business men who are resolved that all issues affecting the material prosperity and business interests of the South shall be brought resolutely to the front, and held there until the people

thoroughly understand them and make known their feeling concerning them. Four years ago, when the Tariff Commission was sitting, it discovered that protection to domestic manufactures, which was in New England an inherited habit of mind, in New York a newly awakened idea, in Pennsylvania a matter of course, and in the West generally was good business sense, in Georgia and Tennessee had become a passionate and pimky radical sentiment identified with the New South, and synonymous with progress and enterprise. "By this sign we conquer," is the language in which every man who is expending capital in new Southern enterprises regards the protective policy. This is why Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, was selected to open the Piedmont Exhibition at Atlanta, and why within the same week Judge William D. Kelley is introduced by the Hon. Henry Watterson to the Kentucky Commercial and Industrial Convention at Louisville, which he addresses in the name of the Protective Theory of Industry, after being banqueted by the Pendleton Club.

For some time past the *Manufacturers' Record* of Baltimore, the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, and the Atlanta, Nashville and Memphis papers have been teaching a vast deal of radical Protectionism, and they have taught it, not on a losing missionary basis like that on which Free Trade struggles for a footing in Des Moines and St. Paul, but in obedience to a popular demand which welcomes and rewards it.

Mr. Randall's speech pictured the condition of the former South—its great natural deposits neglected, its coal of Tennessee and Georgia, of which huge blocks were present, lying untouched, its marble slabs of the Cherokee country stone dead, its gold of Dahlonega unwashed, and its phosphates of South Carolina unknown; all its valuable deposits lying inert and motionless, a mere basis and subsoil for the growth of uncut forests and drifting sand barrens. Then he brought into view, with plain, matter-of-fact illustrations, its present new era of progressive farming and advancing manufactures. Here were cotton-gins made in their midst, fanning-mills, plows, furniture, of Southern make throughout, but unsurpassed both in quality and cheapness, yet turned out by mechanics who earn good wages in making them, and with Southern capital and machinery which also earn good dividends. These are the *avant-coureurs* of the furnaces, workshops, foundries, factories and mills which soon will blaze on every hill and light up throughout the South the deathless fires of a prosperity that should be proportionate in duration and extent to the magnitude of her mineral treasures of coal, iron and lime, to the fertility of her soil, the beauty of her rivers and the vastness of her forests and mountains. Could there be any doubt that the people who were doing these things were rising into a higher life than the generation which had neglected them, lest the effort to do them should increase the prices of food and clothing, as some pseudo-economists had taught them it would? On the contrary, food and clothing had never been so cheap or abundant, or labor so well rewarded.

Mr. Randall and Judge Kelley do not make the tour of the South to exhibit the dignity of an office, but they represent a principle which is far more permanent in its influence than any accident of personal elevation. The windows in Atlanta and elsewhere are now full of pictures of the President and his wife, the first opportunity the new generation in the South has had to render homage to a great office. In standing for the United States at the South, the President renders the whole country a valuable service. Nothing is more desirable than that genuine respect should there be felt for the ideas which are implied in his office, unless it may be to inculcate also those ideas of government which made the office possible. But for Protection as an idea there would have been no Union and no Presidency. Hence the ideas which carry Mr. Randall and Judge Kelley Southward are, after all, older, broader, and possibly more important, than even the Presidential office, which Mr. Cleveland finds so congenial to his ambition.

THE POPULAR AUTUMN GAME.

THE bracing weather of Autumn brings forward the more vigorous sports characteristic of the season, among which football has gained for itself the leading place. Not only among collegians, but with the public, football has grown to enjoy remarkable favor, and single games like those on the Polo Grounds on Thanksgiving Day have drawn crowds equal, probably, to any seen at a baseball match in this city, while on these occasions football has seemed to number more votaries than tennis. Yet it is scarcely thirteen years since football as a game based upon regular rules and scientific principles, if the expression may be allowed, was introduced into our colleges. In 1874 something began to be heard of matches between Harvard and the teams of Magill and All-Canada, with fifteen men on a side. Harvard's victories stimulated other colleges, the Rugby rules were adopted, but changed until they became American, and the number of players on a side reduced to eleven. Within the last six years the exciting contests between different colleges have formed the event of the Autumn season of outdoor sports. Harvard has not sustained her early reputation, and the final struggle for championship honors has usually been shared in by Yale and Princeton. Out of the intense rivalry thus created have grown outbreaks of personal feeling, and even personal encounters, which have caused college presidents to regard the game with suspicion, and have developed a prejudice against it in the minds of conservative observers. Football became associated in their minds with pugilism, broken bones, ruptures and serious bruises, and despite the protests and explanations of enthusiasts, it cannot be denied that the reputation of the game has suffered.

The effect has been to stimulate players to a greater care and courtesy in their conduct on the field, which has been evident in the improved character of the game for the last two years. More recently, the effect of popular criticism was seen in the action of the Intercollegiate Football Convention last week, which voted for the appointment of two umpires, one to decide technical questions and the other to check and severely punish rough playing. This is a movement in the right direction. Better than any one else, college men can conduct their athletic exercises as gentlemen should, and win the respect of the public. As a means not only of healthful exercise and recreation, but also as an outlet for the exuberant vitality of youth, which might otherwise be directed into pernicious channels, football has a distinct value. But it is valuable only when it is a game played by gentlemen, not when it degenerates into a tussle of roughs. This year the game will attract unusual attention, because the much-coveted championship has been in dispute since 1885. The disputants, Princeton and Yale, will settle the question this Fall in New York, and the meeting of these old-time rivals will be a battle of giants. May the best men win, with no occasion for subsequent apologies or regrets.

BRITISH TRADE DECLINING.

THAT British trade is not now prospering as it was a few years ago would be probably generally admitted, though few, perhaps, are prepared for such a falling off during the decade extend-

ing from 1875 to 1885 as is claimed by Mr. Giffen, the well-known statistician. From a paper read by this gentleman at a recent meeting of the British Association at Manchester, it appears that while in foreign trade and the production of important staples there was a marked progress from 1855 to 1875, there has been since the latter date a great decline in the ratio of progress, though a large increase is still yearly perceptible. A few figures will convey this idea better than any general statement. In the income-tax assessments during the decade extending from 1855 to 1865 the ratio of increase was twenty-eight per cent.; in that extending from 1865 to 1875 it was forty-four per cent.; but during the decade from 1875 to 1885 the increase was only at the rate of ten per cent. In the production of coal there has been a similar decrease in the ratio of increase, the percentage being for the first decade, on a million tons, fifty-five; in the second, thirty-five; and in the third, from 1875 to 1885, only twenty per cent. The showing in the production of pig iron was very little better, while in the receipts from railway traffic per capita for the ten years from 1865 to 1875, the increase was sixty-three per cent., and in the last decade, only eighteen. The increase in clearances of shipping and foreign trade per million tons in the first ten years was fifty per cent., sixty in the second, and thirty-three in the last. The same lessened ratio characterizes the consumption of tea during the periods referred to, a fact which can be only accounted for on the supposition that tea-drinkers are becoming more temperate in the use of this beverage, or that they are less able to bear the expense of purchasing it in such quantities as heretofore.

This falling off in the rate of the increase of British trade and certain phases of industrial productiveness, however, must not be assumed as evidence that the condition of the population is worse than during the earlier decades. Instead of this being so, Mr. Giffen's paper indicates a very different state of affairs. So far as the pauper population of England is concerned, there has been a decrease from 4.7 per cent. during the first decade to 3 per cent. in the period extending from 1880 to 1884; and in Scotland a decrease from 4.2 per cent. in 1855 to 2.7 per cent. in 1884. There has been a steady increase in the deposits in savings banks during the period extending from 1855 to 1885, and during the ten years preceding the latter date they arose from £67,000,000 to £94,000,000, a fact that will be regarded as conclusive of the improved condition and thrifty habits of the people. The causes which produced the decreasing ratio in the volume of British trade it would be perhaps difficult to determine. Doubtless, American, Indian and Australian wheat and other grains underselling the British producer in his own market has had its effect, together with other causes, in producing this result. During the periods of the largest rate of increase, British trade probably attained the high-water mark, so far as volume was concerned, and the decreasing ratio recently noticeable is probably but the decline from a maximum to a mean that will not tempt over-production.

THE CAFFAREL SCANDAL.

LAST year a certain Madame Limousin lived on the Boulevard Beaumarchais, in Paris, with a woman whose real name was Henriette Boissy, but who called herself by various titles. These two, with M. Limousin, kept a kind of agency for procuring situations under the Government, contracts, etc., Madame Limousin pretending to be on intimate terms with Ministers, Senators, Deputies, and other influential persons. In fact, the two women were constantly writing letters to men in power. They particularly annoyed General Thibaudin and General Boulanger, when Ministers of War, to such an extent that the police had to be called in. After this the women quarreled, and Madame Limousin entered into relations with General Caffarel, an officer who was deeply involved in debt. She was therupon denounced by her former companion, and the police taking up the case, General Caffarel was entrapped—an agent paying him a sum of money for the Cross of the Legion of Honor, which he was to procure. This brought things to a head, and General Caffarel, when officially questioned, confessed everything, and being tried by a council of officers, was retired in disgrace. Another high officer, who was supposed to be concerned in the sale of decorations, was also suspended, and has since left the country.

All this is bad enough in itself, but there is something worse behind in the unknown ramifications of the corruption thus brought to light. General Boulanger, suspected for a moment, does not appear to have been guilty of any wrong-doing, but in speaking of the affair in the Press, he rashly accused General Ferron of seeking to use the scandal so as to discredit him with his countrymen, and for this unsoldierlike and disloyal conduct he has been placed under arrest, and may be deprived of his command. M. Wilson, the son-in-law of President Grévy, also appeared, at first, to be compromised by his relations with Madame Limousin, but the latest developments do not altogether sustain this suspicion, though he is still under a cloud. The exposures are generally regarded as most injurious to the Government, and it is not impossible that President Grévy's resignation, and important Ministerial changes, may grow out of it.

THE vexed question of the disposition of the surplus in the United States Treasury may not prove troublesome, after all. No less than seven Pension Bills have been prepared by one man alone, General Berdan, which he proposes to have offered at the coming session of Congress. If a small fraction of the probable Pension Bills are passed, the Treasury will be left as empty as the pockets of the Anglomaniacs who bet on the *Thistle*.

FOREWARNED is forearmed. The "International Fraternity of Socialists and Anarchists," who are reported to be making ready for a revolution in the United States in 1889, show about as much sense in allowing their plans to become known as the hunter who went out to shoot duck with a brass band. The Anarchists may murder a few people, as they did in Chicago, or burn a building or two by sly incendiary, like other criminals, but the more fiendish their plans, the more swift and sure will their destruction be.

THE American would-be aristocrat is responsible for some extraordinary performances. Up in St. Paul some of the "society" ladies refused to serve on a committee to receive the President because a lady was placed upon it who had been a dressmaker before her marriage. Her husband has been Governor and Senator, and is one of the ablest and most popular men in the State, but because his wife had once earned her own living she was deemed far beneath the daughters of grocers, railroad contractors, pork-packers and lumbermen. The free and equal West is not the place for snobbery as flagrant as this.

THE REV. HENRY KENNENNEY, the Rhode Island Catholic priest, who, in a sermon preached at the laying of the corner-stone of a Roman Catholic parochial school at Middlebury, Conn., denounced the American system of public schools as "heartless, headless and

godless," deserved the rebuke contained in the protest against such sentiments published by fourteen prominent members of the Middletown Catholic Church. There is a growing willingness in this country to treat the Roman Catholics fairly in the matter of public education and to respect their conscientious scruples; but there is no institution in America, except that of freedom to worship God according to the dictates of one's conscience, that is more highly prized than that of the public schools. It has become an integral part of our national life, and will be sustained against the attacks of all parties and sects.

THE roll of the new House of Representatives, as far as it has been made up, shows a Democratic majority of at least ten, possibly fourteen. We wish it was larger. In a body as numerous as the House of Representatives the party in control cannot count upon its majority being always available if the margin is smaller than twenty-five, and the result is very sure to be a session in which little is accomplished. Very little is to be expected from Congress during its next session, under the most favorable circumstances, as more attention will be paid by both parties to President-making than to legislation; but less is certain to be done than might be otherwise anticipated on account of the lack of a good working Democratic majority in the House.

THE election recently held in Bulgaria for members of the So-branje resulted in the return of 250 Government and 40 Opposition Deputies. There would seem to be no room for doubt as to the satisfaction of the people with the new *régime*. And it certainly speaks well for their intelligence and self-control that they have been able to go through an election involving most serious issues with such marked sobriety. Such a result goes far to disprove the theory so often advanced that the Bulgarians are not capable of self-government, and it is difficult to see how Russia can now find any pretext for active interference in the affairs of a country whose citizens have so clearly shown that they are able to manage their own affairs even in the most critical emergency.

THE connection between the rum interest and corruption in politics appears to be growing more intimate every day. In Pennsylvania, the brewers have raised \$200,000 to defeat certain candidates, and in Tennessee the National Association of Distillers and Wholesale Whisky Dealers raised \$15,000 to defeat the prohibition amendment. Assessments for similar purposes will be made by the liquor men in New York if another High License Bill is introduced into the Legislature. Last year it was stated that the sum of \$75,000 was collected to beat the Crosby Bill. Every one knows the sort of use to which this money is put. A great deal of talk is heard about the influence exerted by monopolies and capitalists upon legislation; but we venture to say that no monopoly would dare to equal the liquor men in arrogance and unblushing openness of corruption. The issue whether we as people are to be ruled by the saloon is getting to be very sharply drawn.

THE Church of the Holy Trinity, in New York, is threatened with suit by the Government, for violation of the Contract Labor Law in the importation of its new rector, the Rev. E. Walpole Warren. Preaching, according to the "bold and remorseless" letter of the statute as interpreted by United States District Attorney Walker, is a dutiable commodity; though acting, singing, painting and lecturing are not such, being exempted by special exceptions. The proposed case is, of course, simply a test one; the idea of bringing the suit having originated with Mr. John S. Kennedy, a Scottish-American gentleman, to whose notice certain unjust and excessive features of the statute in question had been brought in a peculiarly forcible manner. Mr. Kennedy's purpose is in no way hostile to the church, and if the regular penalty is imposed, he is willing to pay it. He expects, by getting the law enforced to the letter, to demonstrate its absurdity in its present form. This, he hopes, will promote its modification. Perhaps, in any event, the case will be watched with interest.

THAT minister at Nashville, Tenn., who made his Sunday sermon a wholesale attack upon the stage, and provoked a vigorous reply from Emma Abbott, who was in the congregation, undeniably caught a tartar. Miss Abbott has long been known as an honest woman, with an honest, energetic temper of her own, and her outburst was no doubt caused by righteous indignation, but she can hardly be oblivious to the fact that she secured what Dr. McGlynn calls a "magnificent advertisement." The incident has its obvious moral. Any wholesale denunciation of the stage must be valueless because it is false. The stage has abuses which do a great deal to corrupt and lower the tone of society. But the way to reach them is by pointing them out specifically, and warning the public against plays which are merely *con amore* pictures of vice, and theatres which are chiefly exhibition grounds for bad women. When you "lump" with these undoubted evils the performances of the honored wives and mothers whose names Miss Abbott so energetically hurled at her clerical accuser, you make the goodness of the one a shield for the badness of the other.

THE Liberal-Unionists are easily pleased if they get much comfort for their cause from Mr. Chamberlain's recent utterances in Scotland and at Belfast. Placed side by side, the speeches leave the impression that the orator is hedging to the best of his ability. He believes now that every cultivator ought to own the land he tills, and that the greatest extension must be given to local government consistent with the integrity of the empire, the supremacy of Parliament and the protection of minorities. Is this the fiery Chamberlain of a year ago? He virtually accepts everything asked for by Mr. Gladstone, except Home Rule; and what is the Home Rule of Parnell and Gladstone but local government, with the integrity of the empire and the supremacy of Parliament and the protection of minorities? Who has proposed to do away with one of these? "It might be possible," said Mr. Chamberlain, at Belfast, "to give Ireland Home Rule if the Irish demand was unanimous, but it would be impossible to force Ulster to accept a government she distrusted and detested." But if it is disintegrating the empire to grant Home Rule to the demand of seven-eighths of the Irish people, is it less of a disintegration to concede Home Rule to unanimous Ireland? And why should it be impossible to force a detested government on Ulster (meaning, in fact, on less than half of Ulster), when it has been found possible and constitutional and righteous to force a detested government on the whole Irish nation for innumerable years? Speaking at Belfast to an audience principally composed of intolerant and prejudiced persons, Mr. Chamberlain was in a difficult position, and could not openly say what seems to have been in his mind; but he has certainly said enough and admitted enough to show that he has experienced a change of heart with the turn of the tide in favor of the Irish cause. His help, like his opposition, may be unimportant, but he is still a loss to the enemy.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 151.



CENTRAL ASIA.—M. BONVALOT, THE FRENCH EXPLORER.



FRANCE.—THE GRAND MANŒUVRES OF THE 9TH ARMY CORPS—CROSSING THE THOUËT UNDER FIRE.



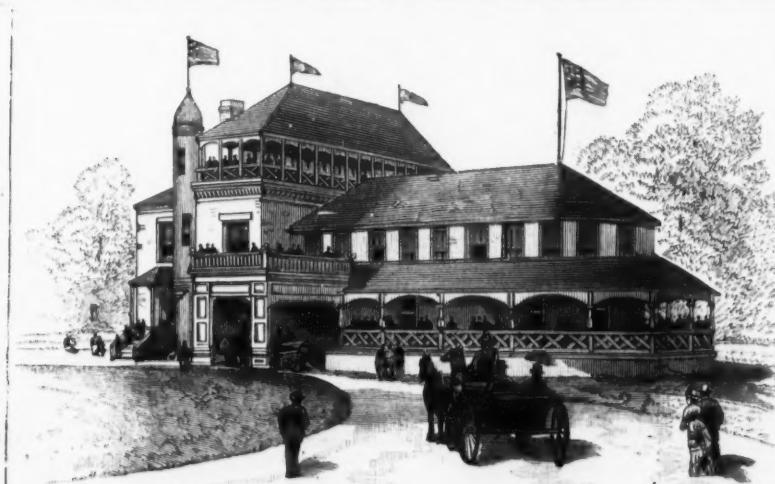
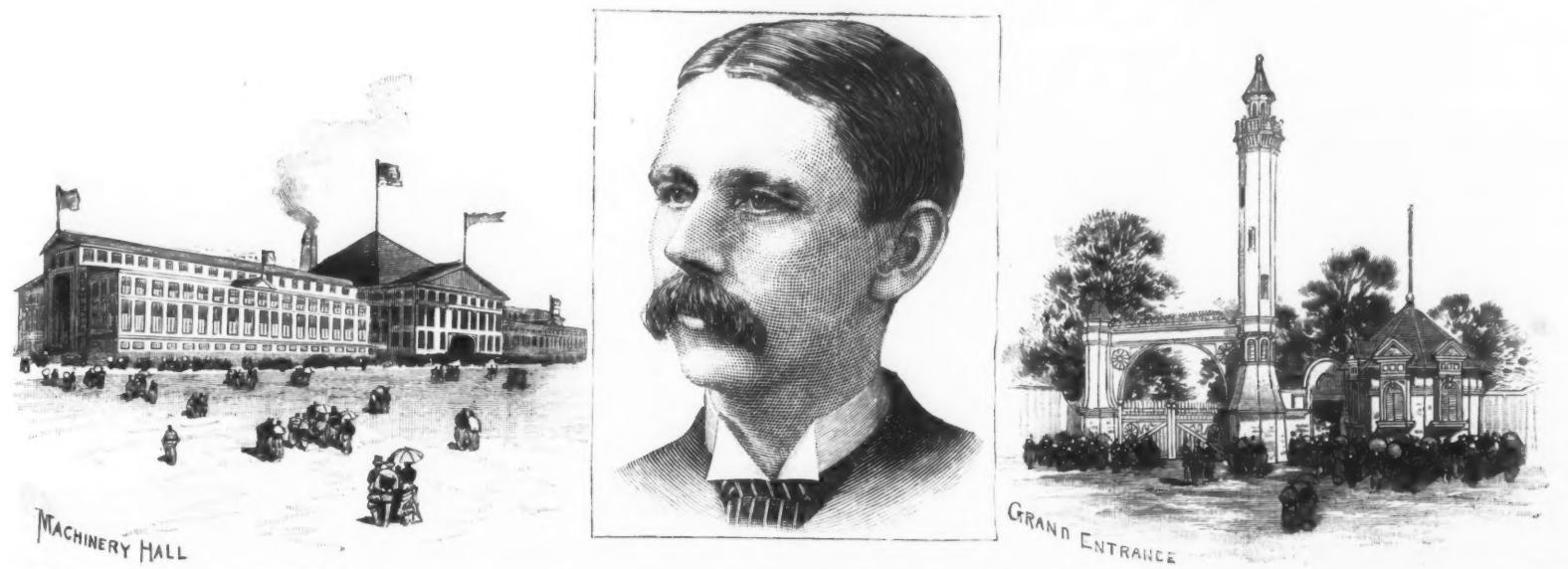
FRANCE-GERMANY.—THE SCENE OF THE SHOOTING OF MM. BRIGNON AND WANGEN,
ON THE FRONTIER, NEAR LUVIGNY.



ALGIERS.—A DILIGENCE STOPPED BY SWARMS OF LOCUSTS.



ENGLAND.—THE UNEMPLOYED AND HOMELESS POOR OF LONDON SLEEPING IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



1. HON. CHARLES A. COLLIER, PRESIDENT OF THE EXPOSITION COMPANY. 2. CAPTAIN ROBERT J. LOWRY, TREASURER. 3. MAJOR WILLIAM H. SMYTH, SECRETARY.

GEORGIA.—THE PIEDMONT INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION AT ATLANTA—ITS OFFICERS AND BUILDINGS.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST AND PHOTOS BY MOTES—SEE PAGE 150.

GOOD-BY.

THE velvety bloom on the rose is gone,
The sweetness of love is over;
The shadow falls on the crimson day
And the dusky, dewy clover.
Good-by, dear heart, good-by.

The Summer of love is gone so soon,
The Summer of love together;
For lovers must part in the Autumn-tide,
Love dies in the wintry weather.
Good-by, dear heart, good-by.

Hearts break when the blush of the rose is gone,
Hearts break when the Summer is over,
And only the wind and the falling leaves
May echo the song of the lover.
Good-by, dear heart, good-by.

Oh! better the long, sweet slumber of death,
Than the breaking of hearts asunder;
Oh! better than life with an aching heart
Is the sleep of the dumb dead, yonder.
Good-by, dear heart, good-by.

Perhaps I, too, shall rest ere long,
In the slumber of death low-lying;
But know you this, dear one, my heart
Would love you even in dying.
Good-by, dear heart, good-by.

CROCIFISSA'S LACE.

BY LUCY BLAKE.

HIgh up among the Tuscan mountains, not far from the borders of Lombardy, is a tiny hamlet called Piatico. It has a church, and the few strangers who visit the quiet little nook and enter the humble sanctuary wonder at the handsome lace decorating the Madonna's blue silk petticoat. All the rest of the ornamentation is so tawdry and poor that the delicate fabric looks strangely out of place. How came it there? Is a question the old woman who unlocks the door is proud to answer.

* * * * *

Amy and I had put up for the hottest Summer weeks at the barn-like old post inn at Piatico. Often during our walks through the chestnut woods, or up the steep paths of the mountain-side, we met a tall, slim girl of eighteen, with strikingly beautiful dark eyes, which haunted us by reason of their extreme sadness. She wore a skimp gown of homespun, its original color a matter of conjecture only; her well-modeled feet were bare, and she was usually in charge of seven sheep and one little lame black lamb. Sometimes we saw her sitting under a tree knitting an interminable blue stocking—for other feet than her own, evidently—while the sheep grazed. Or, in the open field, in the pouring rain, this ghost-like girl would sit on the soaking ground, huddled under an old green umbrella—this to restrain a neighbor's cow, getting her supper of grass, from invading an adjacent cabbage-patch. The girl always gave us a gracious "Good-day" as she passed, and seemed pleased when Amy smiled at her in return.

"Who is she?" we inquired of the mistress of our inn.

"You mean the girl who drives the sheep with a lame black lamb among them?" answered our hostess. "That is Crocifissa, poor girl, the convict's daughter. Hers is a hard lot among a little community where none lie on roses, I assure you. Her father, Sandro, has a bad history, and the shadow of it darkens the girl's life."

"Oh, tell it!" cried Amy, dropping down upon a stool beside the comfortable-looking old dame.

"It is soon told, signora, the story of most sins is short: it is the misery of them that drags on so wearily. When Sandro was young, he killed a man in a passion of jealousy—a woman at the bottom of the affair, of course—stabbed him from behind in the dark, and threw him down into the Lima to drown if the wound was not deep enough to give him his death. They were a year or more fastening the murder upon Sandro, but he confessed it at last over a glass too many of Chianti. He was sentenced for twenty years to prison and hard labor. When his time was out, strangely enough, he chose to come back here to Piatico; and, stranger still, he found a woman foolish enough to marry him, knowing all about his crime. This poor weak thing died when Crocifissa was born, and the child's life has been so wretched, it seems a pity she did not die too."

"Are they so very poor?"

"Miserably; and because of the father's disgrace everybody shuns the daughter. Cruel, isn't it? But that is the way of the world. I should make one exception when I say every one turns the cold shoulder upon her. Perhaps the saddest part of Crocifissa's history is that she has a lover whom she can scarcely ever hope to marry."

"Is he so poor, too?"

"Dio mio! yes. His name is Remo, a very good fellow, but no luck. He makes a little money with his donkey, carrying fruit and vegetables to the hotel at Abetone, but he has a blind old mother to help, and he can save nothing. Crocifissa earns a few francs spinning and knitting stockings, and the profits from the sheep put a scanty supply of bread in the mouths of the convict and his daughter, and keep a crazy roof over their heads. Crocifissa can make beautiful lace, but she hurts her eyes at it, and a doctor told her she would go blind if she made any more."

"She has such lovely eyes!" said Amy, enthusiastically.

"Yes; with a bit of happiness to brighten her, she would be the prettiest girl in these parts. As it is, her good looks are little use, poor thing!"

"Can't Remo hit upon a more paying business than donkey-driving?" I ask.

"He wishes to go down to the Maremma, where he would get good wages and be able to put by a little, but Crocifissa will not hear of it. She is right, I think, for Remo is not strong, and the marsh fever would be sure to carry him off. Few

people have been kind to the girl, and no dog ever loved his master as Crocifissa loves Remo."

"Poor girl! what a pity they cannot make each other happy!"

"If they had a little capital, two or three hundred francs, to hire and furnish a room, they could manage to live; but hundred-franc pieces do not fall from the clouds."

Life at Piatico being dull and bare of incident, we felt much interested in Crocifissa's story, and cultivated her acquaintance upon every occasion. She gave us flowers and berries gathered in pretty little baskets improvised by herself from chestnut leaves, and with her eyes bent shyly on her knitting, talked to us of her simple, uneventful life. When Remo, her lover, was under discussion, which was frequently the case, Crocifissa's large eyes glowed with a soft, happy light, and she became beautiful. But the brightness vanished again quickly at memory of the sordid misery encompassing them both. How we longed to be able to give the poor girl the paltry sum which would change her dull surroundings into a paradise.

One morning, as we sat sketching on the brow of the hill, Crocifissa timidly approached us, carrying a small package under her arm. This she unwrapped, disclosing about four yards of unusually beautiful lace, six inches or more wide. I was not much of a connoisseur in such things, but I could recognize the unusual merit of this piece.

"Why, Crocifissa!" I exclaimed; "where did you get such a prize?"

"I made it," she answered, modestly, "at the Convent of La Speranza, where I waited on the nuns for five or six years. They taught me to make it, but I can't see to do any more."

"But, child, why don't you sell this lace? It would help you a long step towards buying furniture and marrying Remo."

"Alas, signora, I have often tried, but nobody will buy it. The nuns say it is worth a great deal of money, perhaps fifty francs; but I shall never find any one willing to give that sum, and I would let it go for much less."

She, of course, wished us to make some low offer for the lace, but I knew it would be a great wrong to the girl to allow her to sacrifice her work for a trifling sum. Because we could not afford to pay a fair price, we had no right to profit by the poor child's ignorance.

"The nuns would offer up special prayers for me if I gave it to the convent," continued Crocifissa; "but prayers will not buy furniture—at least they have not, so far."

"Don't despair of your prayers yet," said Amy; "then to me, in English, "There is Mrs. Webster, the rich American lady at San Marcello; you know she is mad over *bric-a-brac*, antiquities and laces—especially laces. She has heaps of money, and I believe she would buy this lace if she saw it."

I thought the suggestion an excellent one, and so eager were we to try if the sale might not be brought about, that we returned at once to call our hostess into consultation. The result of this interview was, that the next day Crocifissa was dispatched to San Marcello with her lace, and a note to the landlord of the hotel where Mrs. Webster was staying. In three hours Crocifissa returned, jubilant, because the landlord had promised to show the lace to all the guests in his house likely to be interested in such things.

We scarcely dared to break to Crocifissa the good news that came three days later. Mrs. Webster had fallen in love with the lace, as Amy had predicted, and at the landlord's suggestion had promised to pay two hundred and fifty francs for the piece, on her departure a month later. In the meantime it might remain upon exhibition behind the glass doors of the padrone's cabinet of curiosities. It made one feel young and happy again to see the bliss of Crocifissa and Remo. The latter was presented to us, and the good fellow seemed ready to risk his life to serve us. Amy might ride on the fruit-donkey at any hour of the day or night she chose, and it was borne in upon me that a particularly glaring pair of magenta stockings in process of construction by Crocifissa was for me.

The fortune of the betrothed couple being now secured, negotiations were entered upon for the desired outfit of clothes and the necessary furniture. A charming pair of rooms, in Crocifissa's eyes, were bespoken, at the back of the carpenter's house, and the wedding-day was set early in October. All was going merrily as the anticipated marriage-bells, when the day arrived for Crocifissa to go to San Marcello and receive her money.

On her first visit she had seen only the padrone, and was about to be given the price of her lace and dismissed at once by him, when, on second thought, he decided to detain her.

"You had better go and thank the lady for her kindness, yourself," he said; "it looks more civil."

Crocifissa was shown into Mrs. Webster's room, a marvel of ornamentation from all parts of the globe, and of various centuries more or less authentic. Mrs. Webster had, as Amy had maintained, an idolatrous fondness for all things antique; a hideous jug with a crack upon its dirt-ingrained sides was lovelier in her eyes than the most skillfully worked vase of modern times. She willingly paid fabulous prices for rubbish of a bygone day, but was implacable if she discovered fraud in the dates of apparently antique treasures.

In very bad Italian, she addressed Crocifissa, who, not understanding, replied in a few words, which the elder lady also failed to catch. The interview being rather a trying one for both parties, Mrs. Webster was about to end it by dismissing Crocifissa, when the girl's next words, understood this time, alas! all too plainly, riveted her attention.

"What did you say?" she exclaimed, a spark of something like anger glowing in her eyes.

"If the signora would like some narrow lace of

the same pattern, I would try to make it. My eyes are better now than when I did that wide piece," repeated Crocifissa.

"Do you mean to say you made this piece of lace?" said Mrs. Webster, with suppressed rage.

"Yes, signora; why not?"

Crocifissa regarded the now infuriated lady with blank amazement; she had expected praise for her handiwork, instead of these flaming eyes bent angrily upon her.

Mrs. Webster rang the bell with sharp violence, and demanded the instant presence of the padrone. "How dare you," she cried, as he appeared, "try to cheat me so outrageously?"

The padrone, mystified as was Crocifissa, at the lady's excitement, stared at her in helpless silence. Presently he found voice enough to falter, "I do not understand; will the signora please to explain?"

"You finished rascal, you know very well what I mean! You showed me this lace, letting me believe it was old, and now this girl—she is innocent enough—confesses that she made it herself. What have you to say for yourself, sir?"

"Dio mio! Why—I thought—but it is old, signora—behold, it is quite dirty. I feared the signora would desire a fresher piece, and my heart was light when she seemed to wish to have it old. The signora did not mention how old it must be, hence this misunderstanding, which I regret deeply."

If occasionally tempted into falsehood, like the most of his kind, the padrone on this occasion spoke the truth. He was a simple fellow, ignorant of the craze of the elegant world for antiquities; he had not troubled himself to inquire the history of Crocifissa's lace, but had satisfied his conscience by asking its value of an old woman of the village, an authority in such matters.

But the irate Mrs. Webster was not to be appeased. The padrone had tried to cheat her as egregiously as any hardened rogue in the lowest of junkshops. "Here," to Crocifissa, "take your lace; I have changed my mind, and will not have it!" and she tossed the dainty work into a basket on the girl's arm.

"But, signora!" cried the poor child, bursting into tears, and extending both hands imploringly.

"Leave the room at once, both of you!" said Mrs. Webster, callously. "I cannot have scene here. The way of the transgressor is hard, you know, and you must take the consequences of your evil deeds."

Poor Crocifissa! how she retraced her tired steps to Piatico, empty-handed, with the unlucky lace in her basket, she never knew. The situation was really deplorable—all the necessaries for their humble housekeeping almost in their possession, the room engaged, and not a franc to pay for anything. The little community was loud in its expressions of rage at the inhuman woman who had so deceived Crocifissa, but this mended matters not at all.

A day or two later, Remo sought us out, despair on his handsome face. Crocifissa was ill, of grief only, but so low and miserable, that Remo feared the worst. The poor girl was really in a pitiable state, and after our visit to the hotel where she lived, Amy and I declared we would not see another sunset before we had tried to set on foot some project that might benefit the unhappy child.

There were crowds of strangers at the hotel at Abetone; why should they not know of the sad little romance at Piatico? With the assistance of our kind hostess, the affair was made public, and we arranged a lottery by which to dispose of Crocifissa's lace.

To our great delight, tickets to the value of nearly three hundred francs were sold, the money of course, being poured into the lap of the bewildered Crocifissa, wellnigh beside herself with these sudden transitions from despair to joy twice repeated.

The modest *trousseau* and furniture were paid for, and there was a little sum left over for a rainy day. Amy and I delayed our stay, to be present at the wedding in October; and a very merry affair it was, thanks to the change in public opinion, which now regarded Remo and Crocifissa as the hero and heroine of the village.

The old hostler at our inn won the lace. As he had not chick nor child to give it to, and one or two old sins on his conscience, he gave his winning to the Church.

And thus it came about that the Madonna's silken robe is so richly decorated.

THE TORDEDO MANOEUVRES AT NEWPORT.

THE Atlanta, the new steel cruiser of the Navy, was attacked at Newport, on Tuesday evening of last week, by several torpedo-boats of the North Atlantic Squadron, under Commander Chester, of the *Galena*. The battle raged for an hour in the darkness, in which time Captain Bunce succeeded in repulsing the attack and putting the enemy to flight.

This most exciting, though mimic, conflict, was "fought" in accordance with orders issued by Admiral Luce, and was a part of the system of drills which he has instituted for the North Atlantic Squadron. The problem offered for solution was one familiar in modern torpedo practice, but which seems never to have been decisively settled. It was as follows: An enemy's vessel is supposed to be anchored in a closed harbor, with no means of defense except such as are offered by the equipment of the ship; seaward there is a blockade, against which there is faint hope of escape by sudden dash, while landward an enemy's occupation of the strategic points offers no chance of assistance. These known quantities are complicated by the imminent danger of assault from torpedo-boats, or from the possible presence of submarine mines.

The ship placed in this awkward fix was the *Atlanta*, and she was in fighting form. Everything aloft except the lower yards had been sent down, the rigging and gear being neatly and securely lashed. A stout five-inch steel hawser was passed

around the ship, just high enough above water to prevent a hostile boat going over or under it; this was guyed clear of the ship by the unrigged spars. Forward, two spare booms were rigged twenty-four feet outward, and to these were attached a secondary steel hawser that encircled the ship from stem to stern. Upon the main hawser, at distances thirty feet apart, were suspended twenty torpedoes, each controlled electrically, and so arranged as to fire on a closed circuit by contact, and with such a radius of fire that any boat striking the hawser within a space of fifteen feet was exposed to the destructive action of one or two torpedoes. Towing astern was a whaleboat which supported a steam-pump hose in such a position that a vigorous stream of suppositions hot water could be directed against any approaching boat, while forward was another arrangement of the same.

Fifty yards astern of the ship a hawser, carrying spar booms and buoyed by empty water-casks, was anchored, and from this were suspended ropes, which were intended to entangle the screws of the attacking steam-launches. Two search-lights were mounted, one aft on the starboard and one forward on the port side, and their twenty-four inch lenses were so arranged that the sixteen thousand-candle power developed was directed, without dispersion, in a cylindrical tube of light close to the water and with a range of over fifteen hundred yards.

The shifting six-inch guns were trained so as to fire fore and aft. During the afternoon Captain Bunce had moved his vessel, and took up a new anchorage further seaward in the outer harbor. Up to this time the squadron, consisting of the flagship *Richmond*, the sloops-of-war *Atlanta*, *Galena* and *Ossipee*, and the dispatch-boat *Dolphin*, had been disposed in a column two cable-lengths apart, heading N. N. E. and S. S. W., the flagship furthest to the northward, and the *Atlanta* at the southerly end of the line. In this position certain effective defenses of the *Atlanta* were neutralized, while her rear was exposed to attack in the most vital part; but in the new place chosen to receive the enemy a large section of offense was cut off by the interposition of Rose Island, which bore about northeast, distant about one thousand yards.

At seven o'clock, all was ready for the attack, and the umpires were ready to pronounce upon the success or defeat, in accordance with the rules adopted, which adjudged any torpedo-boat out of action when sufficiently long under fire to receive three rounds from the big guns. In other words, one minute or three-quarters of a minute subjected to machine-gun fire, or under small-arm fire at 500 yards for one minute and a half, or within the beams of the electric light and under a fire for fifteen seconds, or within the effective range of defensive torpedo. Guard-boats which should fail to discover the approach of a torpedo-boat until the same was within twenty feet were to be considered as destroyed. The putting out of action of the boats or the successful torpedoing of the *Atlanta* was to be indicated by burning an Avery signal-light.

Shortly after dark, the pulling-boats for the attack were lowered, with muffled oars. Torpedo-spars were temporarily rigged out and the electric wires and batteries put in place in those boats which had been ordered to carry them. The steam-launches from the *Richmond*, *Ossipee*, *Galena* and *Dolphin* took the pulling-boats from their respective vessels in tow, and steamed out to the positions assigned them. At a quarter past eight the boats separated to a distance of about two hundred yards, keeping a lookout for the patrol-boats from the *Atlanta* in order to surprise them before they could give warning.

All lights aboard the *Atlanta* had been extinguished. Shortly after seven bells all hands were called to general quarters on board the cruiser, guns were manned, the sharpshooters took their stations, and the two electric lights began to throw gleams in all directions. The fun began as the torpedo-boats were discerned at a great distance making their way towards the ship. As soon as a search-light had been played upon one of the boats for fifteen seconds she was counted out, and a red signal-light fired in her direction. Thus boat after boat was discovered, until by 8:45 P. M. all attacking boats were considered by the umpires as destroyed, and the victorious *Atlanta* sounded the retreat.

THE Piedmont Exposition.

THE great Southern fair, at Piedmont Park, Atlanta, Ga., opened on the 10th inst., and will continue until the 22d. It receives additional *éclat* from the fact that Atlanta is the chief objective point of the Southern portion of President Cleveland's tour. Arriving in the city on Monday evening, the 17th, the President—accompanied, of course, by Mrs. Cleveland—was expected to review the troops at Piedmont Park on Tuesday, and deliver an address there on Wednesday, besides holding the usual receptions.

Nothing could have been more brilliantly successful than the opening of the vast industrial fair, on Monday of last week. Atlanta was in gala attire, and so were the forty thousand people who thronged the broad, bright streets, and crowded through the gates of the Exposition inclosure to be present at the inaugural ceremonies in the afternoon. The inclosure consists of seventy-five acres of the park proper, which contains about two hundred acres of one of the fairest sections of the Piedmont country. This Piedmont region, it will be remembered, extends along the whole mountain backbone of the Southern States, in Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee, thus embracing a vast extent of country, rich in ores and coal, beds of roofing-slate, marble quarries and valuable building-stones; covered with forests abounding in a variety of useful woods: fertile in agricultural products, ranging from the wheat and grasses of the North to the cotton-plant of the South, and blessed with a mild climate, unsurpassed in any land. The Piedmont Exposition Company has invited the co-operation of the States

in such abundance that accommodations cannot be provided for them all, notwithstanding the fact that other buildings have been surrendered to the purpose.

The Exposition is mainly a display of Southern mineral and agricultural wealth, and great prominence is given to Southern manufactures. In one section are seen huge blocks of manganese from Georgia and Alabama, coal from Tennessee and Georgia, marble slabs from the Cherokee region, gold from the Dahlonega country, phosphates from South Carolina, and, in fact, every valuable deposit which has its home in some part of the Piedmont country. This display gives some idea of the wealth of raw material, and suggests the workshop the South is becoming. In Machinery Hall the visitor encounters the workshop itself. Cotton-gins, farming-mills, plows, furniture, articles in marble, terra-cotta work—all from establishments located in the South—speak volumes for the skill and handiwork of the Southern mechanic. In the Main Hall are displayed magnificent specimens of Atlanta woodwork. The great interest of the opening day was in the reception of Hon. Samuel J. Randall, whose duty it was to open the exhibition. Governor Gordon introduced Mr. Randall in patriotic and highly complimentary address. Mr. Randall made an admirable speech, in which he handled the subject of Protective Tariff with conspicuous shrewdness and success. He gave a statistical *résumé* of the past nine months, showing wonderful progress, exemplified by the fact that while the increase of values in the Union last year was 49 per cent., that in the South was 120. Arriving at the discovery that, while the manufactured products necessary for the general use of the people had decreased in price the wages of labor had largely increased, he proceeded to the following conclusion: "The search after the truth has exposed fallacies of science as well as falsehood in history. It has, for example, been declared with dogmatic energy and persistence that under certain conditions of duties on imports the prices of food and clothing would be higher, while the wages of labor would be lower. Now, it has been demonstrated by the investigation to which I have alluded that in the years since 1860 the reverse has been actually proven to be the fact, by whatever standard tested, and the prices of food and clothing have been reduced, the wages of labor been increased and the profits of capital lessened; while, despite those whose theories, predictions and selfish interests have contemplated the failure and discomfiture of the people in developing their individual resources, the people nevertheless have risen superior to all adverse influences and achieved a complete and, I believe, a lasting victory." As Mr. Randall concluded speaking, he touched the button, the signal was given to General Young, the batteries opened, and to the music of booming cannon the machinery of the great Exposition started.

There are plenty of features and events besides the Presidential visit to keep up the interest of the hundreds of thousands of visitors who have flocked into Atlanta from all parts of the country east of the Mississippi. The poultry show is a fair, all by itself. There is racing every day, on a fine track, upon which fronts a colossal grand stand seating no less than 10,000 people. The pyrotechnic displays are guaranteed to surpass anything that either New York or Manhattan Beach has ever seen.

We give portraits of those of the principal officers of the Piedmont Exposition Company whose inaugural show has proved such a gratifying success.

Hon. Charles A. Collier, the President of the Exposition Company, is rather a young man for such a responsible position, but he has had large experience in public, owing to his wealth and family connections, as well as his general popularity. He is a son of Judge John Collier, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Atlanta, and was born there. He is now a member of the Board of Aldermen, and has held several public offices of less importance. Although of rather frail physique, Mr. Collier is a hard and persistent worker, and it is doubtful if any other citizen would have given better or more effective service to the Exposition. While somewhat reserved in manner, he is cordial and affable in his intercourse with his fellow-men, and is strong with the masses at the polls.

Major William H. Smyth, the Secretary, is a native of Maine, a son of the late Professor William Smyth, so long eminent as Professor of Mathematics at Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, in that State, where he was known as "Old Pros" and "Mathematics" Smyth. Major Smyth went South with Sherman's army, and after the war married in Atlanta, and became a permanent citizen there. For several years he was United States Marshal, but of late has devoted his time to agricultural and engineering matters, being a thoroughly educated and accomplished gentleman. He is small of stature, quite dignified in his manner, but prompt and efficient in his business affairs, always securing and retaining the respect of his associates.

Captain Robert J. Lowry, the Treasurer, is a Tennessean, son of Colonel William M. Lowry, a personal friend of President Andrew Johnson, and at one time United States Marshal in that State, but since the war a banker in Atlanta, being associated with his son. Captain Lowry is President of the Chamber of Commerce at the present time, and has held numerous civil and military positions of honor and trust. No citizen of his large means has been more generous or public-spirited in matter-connected with the spiritual, mental and business development of Atlanta, and his selection as Treasurer gave great strength to the Piedmont Exposition enterprise in its infancy, and sustained it nobly as it grew in surprising magnitude, thus placing unexpected financial burdens upon the management. Captain Lowry is a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, and in society circles he and his charming wife are among the leaders.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

M. BONVALOT IN CENTRAL ASIA.

The young French explorer whose portrait we publish has already given to the world much important geographical and historical information resulting from his journeys in Central Asia. He has recently completed, under official charge, a twenty months' journey over that now desolate country on the border-lands of the Chinese-Tartar, Russian, and Anglo-Indian Empires, where in early days were marshaled the hosts of Xerxes, of Alexander, of Gengis-Khan, and of Tamerlane. The companions of M. Bonvalot in these explorations were M. Capus, professor of natural history, and M. Pépin, an artist. An amusing story is

told, to the effect that these three Frenchmen, upon their arrival at Simla, at the end of their adventurous tour, were invited to dine with the Viceroy of India, but, like true well-bred Parisians, declined on the ground that they had not their dress coats with them.

THE FRENCH ARMY MANOEUVRES.

The passage of the stream of the Thonet, during the progress of a sham battle, was one of the most picturesque and interesting episodes of the recent grand manoeuvres of the Ninth Army Corps, of which mention was made in these columns last week. The pontoon corps of the Second Regiment, working under a terrific fire, threw their floating bridge across the river, and, having once set foot upon the opposite shore, successfully stormed the position of their adversaries, the Eleventh Corps. The French military manoeuvres are exceedingly thorough and realistic.

THE SCENE OF THE RECENT FRANCO-GERMAN TRAGEDY.

The scene of the fatal firing upon a party of French hunters, by the German soldier Kaufman, last month, is a path through a forest of the giant firs characteristic of the Vosges Mountains, close to the frontier line, and not far from the village of Luvigny. Our picture is from a photograph made during the official investigation on the spot. The result of that investigation clearly fixed the blame on the German side, which was acknowledged by the payment, on the 8th inst., through the German Ambassador at Paris, of fifty thousand marks as indemnity to Madame Brignon, the widow of the Frenchman who was killed. Kaufman will undoubtedly be punished. This successful termination of the affair has caused a general feeling of relief, and is a triumph for the Rouvier Cabinet.

ALGERIAN LOCUSTS.

After the well-attested stories of the stoppage of railway trains by grasshoppers in our Western States, the American reader need not be unduly surprised at the embarrassment of the Algerian diligence by a swarm of locusts, as depicted in our engraving. These giant insects infest portions of Northern Africa, moving in dense clouds that obscure the sun; and they are as much dreaded on the road as brigands.

LONDON'S HOMELESS POOR.

For some weeks past, accounts have been cabled and written from London, describing the distress of the city's unemployed and homeless poor. Hundreds of poor wretches, both men and women, nightly sleep in the public parks, or on the stones of Trafalgar Square, as shown in the picture which we reproduce. It is a pathetic scene, and one which, happily, could not exist in New York. A few days ago, one of the unfortunate, a house decorator out of work, who had slept in the square for several nights, mounted one of the bronze lions of the Nelson Monument, and addressed the camp, telling his comrades they ought to protest. About 150 of them, unkempt specimens of utter forlornness, gathered and marched to the local government board office, bearing a black flag made of an old skirt, on which were painted the words, "We must have work or bread." They were very orderly, but their parade failed of any practical result, and after marching about the West End a while, they returned to the square, to sleep on the stones.

GENERAL KILPATRICK'S FUNERAL.

THE remains of the late General Judson L. Kilpatrick, United States Minister to Chili, which were brought home by the Government, arrived in New York by the Pacific Mail steamship *Newport* last Friday. The coffin, which was not opened, was deposited in the City Hall, there to remain, in charge of a guard of honor, until Tuesday morning of this week. The interment takes place in the Military Cemetery at West Point, the dead warrior receiving a typical soldier's burial, with martial music, and escorted by the entire garrison of cadets. The pall-bearers appointed were General P. H. Sheridan, General Smith D. Atkins, of Illinois; General Henry E. Davis, of the Third Cavalry Division, Army of the Potomac; Colonel George Durkee, of the Fifth Zouaves; General William Sewell, of New Jersey, who commanded one of the wings of Sherman's army; E. A. Hobert, of Paterson, N. J.; George A. Halsey and Joseph Coulter, of Newark, N. J.; John Loomis, of Deckerville, N. J., a life-long friend of the dead general; Frederick A. Beele, Consul-general of Chili to New York; and John C. Reid, of New York. General William T. Sherman accompanied Mrs. Kilpatrick and her daughter to West Point.

THE DEADLY CAR-STOVE AGAIN.

ANOTHER frightful railroad disaster is added to the year's list of casualties. On Tuesday morning of last week an express passenger train on the Chicago and Atlantic Railway stopped at an old water-tank, near Kout, Ind., to repair a slight accident to the engine; a minute later, a freight train, moving at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, crashed into the express, telescoped the passenger cars, and the *débris* catching fire, the wreck and the victims were burned together. Reports differ as to the number of these victims, but the last accounts indicate that at least fifteen of the passengers were burned to death under circumstances of the greatest horror. That this frightful disaster might have been prevented had those in charge of the train adopted ordinary precautions is undoubtedly. They knew perfectly well that the freight train passed a few moments before would be crashing into them in a brief period of time, unless they could get under headway before its approach; yet the imminence of the peril produced no greater effort to avert the danger than the pulling of the cord of a semaphore, and that even this was done is by no means certain. No flagman was sent to the rear to warn the approaching train.

It seems to be certain that fire was first communicated to the cars by the upsetting stoves. But as if these were not sufficiently menacing to the lives of travelers, new gas lamps communicating with each other by reservoirs took fire, and in an instant the gas was burning over the heads of the victims the whole length of the coach.

The lesson to be derived from these facts is obvious. There is no possible excuse for the existence of stoves in railway coaches, all of which could be heated with steam probably just as cheaply; but whether so or not, it is imperative that stoves should be discarded henceforth. The State of New York took the initiative in this matter

of such vital importance to the people, and after the 1st of January railroads in this commonwealth will be compelled to find a safer method of heating their cars than by the use of stoves. It is to be hoped that all other States will adopt similar measures for the security of the traveling public.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

It cost England \$5,000 to purchase a garter for the Crown Prince of Austria.

A BROOKLYN factory sold 6,000,000 pounds of licorice last year to a tobacco firm.

THE French war balloon is made in four sections, so that a bullet may go through it without causing it to drop.

The Bill permitting re-election to the Presidency of Mexico, after having passed the Senate, was last week approved by a majority of the House of Deputies.

THE total value of the exports of domestic broadstuff from the United States for the nine months ended September 30th shows an increase of \$19,060,595 over the corresponding period for the preceding year.

RETURNS from prison wardens in thirty States and Territories show that out of 31,176 convicts 436 are imprisoned for arson or incendiarism. About 1½ per cent., in Vermont, is the highest proportion of any.

THE Governor of Montana estimates the present population of the Territory at 130,000, an increase of 10,000 in the last year. The present year has been most favorable for the production of all staple crops. The yields without irrigation have been large.

THE general traffic of the various railroads centering in New York city was heavier for the month of September, 1887, than for any corresponding period for many years. Freight business was larger than for any recent previous month, and passenger business far heavier than has been known since the war.

In his address at St. Paul, acknowledging the heartiness of his reception, President Cleveland took occasion to refer to the fact that his wife had once lived in that city. He said: "Some years ago young girl dwelt among you and went to school. She has grown up to be a woman, and is now my wife. If any one thinks a President ought not to mention things of this sort in public I hope he or she does not live in St. Paul, for I don't want to shock anybody when I thank the good people of this city because they neither married nor spoiled my wife, and when I tell them that they are related to that in my life which is better than all earthly honors and distinction."

THE prohibition liquor question has reached the United States Supreme Court in the case of the State of Kansas against a distillery firm of that State. The question presented by the case is whether, when a citizen of a State purchases property and makes improvements thereon adapted to a particular private business, which is then free from taxes, licenses or other restrictions, but which the Legislature afterwards considers detrimental to the public morals, the State can prohibit or regulate the use of that property for the purpose for which it was designed, adapted, and valuable, without making compensation; and whether such a prohibition or regulation without compensation would operate to deprive such person of his property without due process of law within the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. The decision in the United States Circuit Court below was in favor of the brewers.

THE Agricultural Department for October places the corn crop at about three-fourths of a full crop, or at 1,500,000,000 bushels. The crop as it stands is the smallest in ten years but one, in 1881, when it was 1,100,000,000 bushels; the present yield is greater chiefly because of the large crop at the South, which is 150,000,000 bushels heavier than two years ago. The South will this year produce nearly enough for its own consumption. The great corn States, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Kansas, have scarcely half a crop, and in Missouri the yield is not large. This will reduce the pork crop in these States and make farming but losing work, for there is no money in wheat in these older States at present prices. The Spring wheat States, on the other hand, have one of the best crops on record, the total yield being 450,000,000 bushels, a fair but not a profitable average for the country.

THE annual report of the Governor of Idaho estimates the population of the Territory at 97,250, which is an increase of about 64,000 over the census figures of 1880. The aggregate assessed valuation of the taxable property of the Territory is given as \$20,441,192, or about \$3,000,000 greater than last year. The number of cattle in the Territory is estimated at 442,363, sheep 302,248, hogs 60,411, horses 132,922. About 2,375,000 bushels of grain and about 343,000 tons of hay were raised during the year. Idaho is essentially a great mining country, and the product of her mines is one of the great reasons of her present growth and prosperity. The production of gold, silver and lead in the Territory during the year ended September 30th, 1887, is estimated by the United States Assay Office at Boise City as follows: Gold, \$2,417,429; silver, \$4,633,160; lead, \$2,195,000; making the total mineral production of the Territory for the year \$9,245,589.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

At sea, on board the yacht *Sunbeam*, Lady Ann Brassey, the well-known English authoress. October 9th—in Paris, France, Maurice Strakosch, the well-known *impressario*; in Montreal, Canada, W. C. Baynes, registrar of McGill University. October 10th—in New York, Rev. Royal G. Wilder, editor of the *Missionary Review*, aged 71 years; in New York, Alderman James J. Corcoran, aged 34 years; in Lancaster, Pa., John H. Pearson, journalist, aged 70 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., Captain Jonathan Cone, aged 64 years. October 11th—in New York, ex-Judge Thomas C. Manning, United States Minister to Mexico, aged 56 years; in Montreal, Canada, Senator Senecal, the well-known politician, financier and railway-builder. October 12th—in England, George Fordham, the noted jockey, aged 40 years. October 13th—in Hartford, Conn., Rev. Nathaniel J. Burton, D.D., aged 45 years; in Watertown, N. Y., Ambrose W. Clark, journalist and ex-Congressman, aged 77 years; in England, Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik, the authoress, aged 61 years. October 14th—in New York, Rev. Sullivan H. Weston, D.D., assistant minister of Trinity Parish, aged 71 years; in Pittsburgh, Pa., Rev. David R. Kerr, D.D., editor of the *United Presbyterian*, aged 70 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

KING MILAN and QUEEN NATALIE of Servia have become reconciled.

MR. ROBERT GARRETT has resigned the Presidency of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, Dominion Minister of Finance and Canals, will represent Canada on the Fisheries Commission.

"PRESIDENT CLEVELAND and his sister, Rose Elizabeth Cleveland," remarks a sarcastic Bostonian, "are at present teaching history."

NEARLY \$8,000 of the \$15,000 required to erect a monument to Thomas Starr King in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, has already been secured.

A SENSATION was occasioned in theatrical circles last week by the marriage of Miss Helen Dauvray, the actress, and Mr. John M. Ward, the short-stop of the New York Baseball Club.

MISS ETHEL SPRAGUE, daughter of Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, and the granddaughter of the late Chief-justice Salmon P. Chase, is preparing for her *début* on the theatrical stage.

NEWMAN & FARR, the cattle kings of Montana, have failed for a large amount, owing to the loss of thirty thousand head of cattle during last Winter's blizzards. One year ago the firm refused an offer of \$1,000,000 for the property owned by it.

The report of the death of the Sultan of Morocco was unfounded. He is getting well, and a crisis in affairs may be averted. Men-of-war of all countries, including the United States, will soon assemble in Moorish waters for the purpose of protecting international interests.

JESTER MARSHALL P. WILDER's *carte de visite* is a hilipient slip of paper gummed like a postage-stamp, and bearing his name and address, to be pasted in the hat of the receiver. If the stranger is afterwards found dead or inebriated, Marshall will have to shoulder the glory.

MR. HUGH COCHRANE, a wealthy merchant of Boston, has given Mr. Edward Burgess a *carte-blanche* order to build a steam-yacht which shall rival in speed, comfort and elegance anything afloat. The craft will be about 110 feet long, and will be completed in time for use next season.

THE body of Audubon, the naturalist, which lies in an obscure part of the Trinity Cemetery at Manhattanville, is to be removed and placed opposite the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street entrance, where a monument to his memory is to be erected by the New York Academy of Science.

MISS ALICE M. LONGFELLOW, who has recently been chosen a member of the Cambridge School Committee, is a daughter of the poet, and is largely interested in educational matters in the University City. She is one of the Trustees of the Harvard Annex. The election of Miss Longfellow places two ladies on the School Board.

MR. KINGLAKE has concluded a revision of the proof of the concluding volume of his "History of the Crimean War," which carries the narrative down to the death of Raglan. Nearly twenty-five years have elapsed since the publication of the first volume, in which the late Emperor Napoleon was severely attacked, and the muddling of Lord Aberdeen's administration ruthlessly exposed.

VICE-COMMODORE BELL, the plucky owner or representative owner of the *Thistle*, and Mr. Watson, her designer, were entertained last week by the New York Yacht Club, on the eve of their departure for home. In a brief speech Mr. Watson acknowledged the profound respect he had learned to entertain for the centreboard, but nevertheless he intended to try to design a cutter that would win the cup next year.

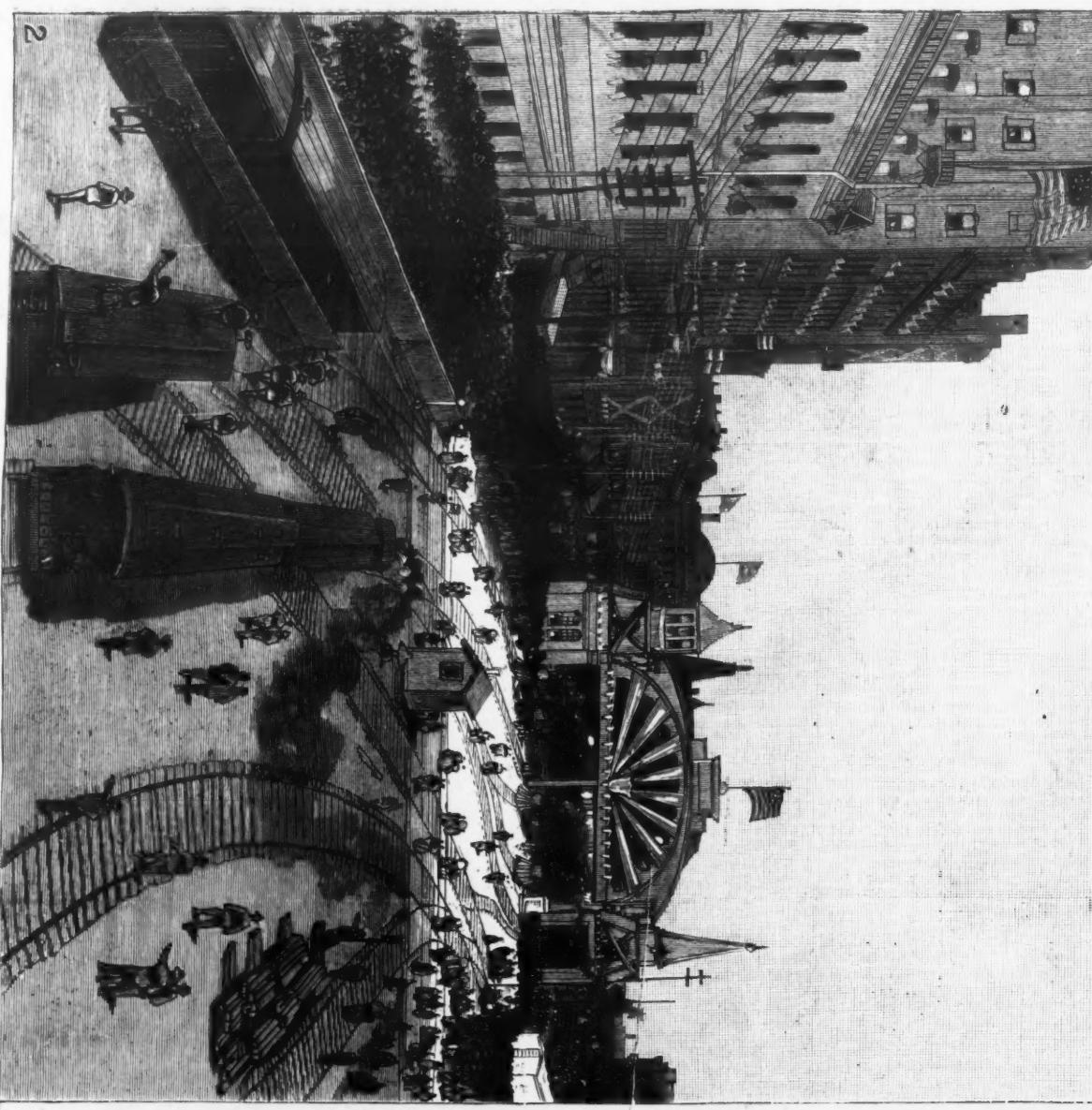
ARCHBISHOP RICARDO CASANOVA, who was compelled to leave Guatemala by order of President Barrillas, has arrived in San Francisco. The cause of his expulsion appears to have been that he denounced in a circular letter the introduction into the public schools of a book which assails the Christian religion, in that it denies the immortality of the soul, and teaches that mankind was not created superior to other animals.

MR. AND MRS. HAROLD R. LEWIS, of Philadelphia, who have just returned from Europe, accomplished incidentally to their four months' trip the longest single run ever made on a tri-cycle. Their record is 2,197 miles, on a tandem machine. Their route began at the City of Coventry, took in the best parts of historic and rural England, France, Switzerland, Northern Italy, Germany and the Low Countries, terminating at Amsterdam.

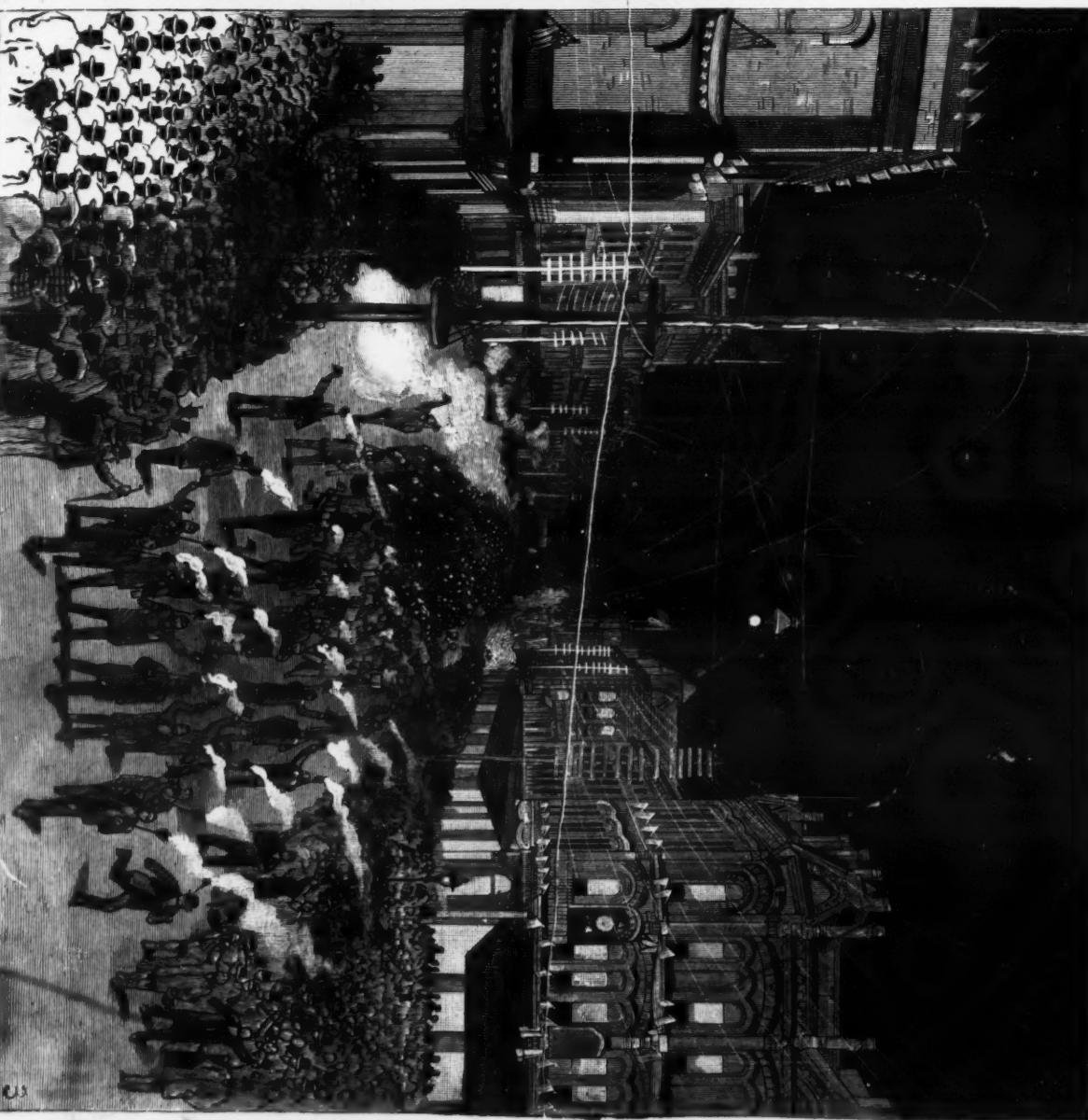
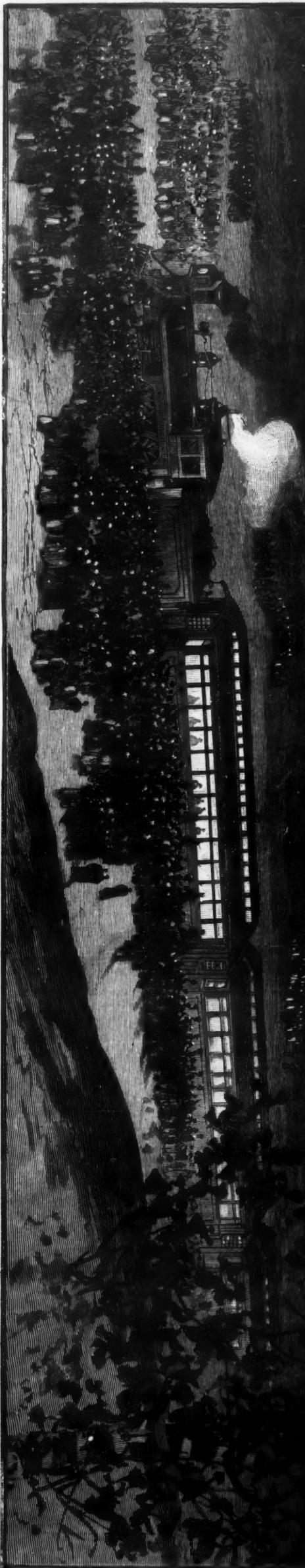
THE State of Michigan is preparing to send to Washington a statue of Lewis Cass, to take its place among the large number now in position in Statuary Hall, at the capital. Each State is entitled to send statues of two of its distinguished citizens to be added to the collection. The model of the Cass statue was made in Paris by French, and will be cut in Boston. It is to be seven feet high, made of white Italian marble, and will cost \$10,000.

LIEUTENANT E. H. TAUNT, of the United States Navy, has received a letter, dated in September, conveying later information about Henry M. Stanley's expedition than any heretofore published. It comes from Stanley's agent at Stanley Pool, and reports the expedition progressing satisfactorily up the Aruwiri River, having reached a further point than any other exploring party of white men. The natives had offered no opposition to the advance.

MR. H. RIDER HAGGARD has published a vigorous letter concerning an American copyright for British authors, who are now defenseless against piratical publishers. Mr. Haggard has secured specimens of thirteen pirated editions of one of his books. His "Allan Quater



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1. ILLUMINATION OF KENNESAW MOUNTAIN, NEAR MARIETTA. 2. THE UNION RAILWAY STATION—AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT. 3. A PARADE OF THE YOUNG MEN'S DEMOCRATIC CLUB ON MARIETTA STREET, ATLANTA.
THE WELCOME OF THE NEW SOUTH TO PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.—SCENES IN ATLANTA—THE ILLUMINATION OF KENNESAW MOUNTAIN, SCENE OF ONE OF
THE HISTORIC BATTLES OF THE CIVIL WAR.



HIS MISSING YEARS.

BY PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,
Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and
Loves that Jack Had," "The Shadow
from Varraz," "The Man
Outside," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.—THE WISDOM OF COLONEL CARLOS DE LAISHE.

A THOUGHTLESS person, answering a sudden question hurriedly and on the spur of the moment, would be likely to say that it is pleasant to write about pleasant things, and unpleasant to write about unpleasant ones. The thoughtless person would be wrong. Read the next account, in your daily paper, of such a disaster as the wreck of an ocean steamer, the burning of a dozen business blocks in some great city, or the utter destruction of some town by a tornado; then tell me, judging from internal evidence, whether the reporter did or did not find his task a pleasant one. On the other hand, read the biography of some particularly good person, especially if that individual was so unfortunate as to die young; if the average writer of such literature does not find his work an unpleasant one, his results give the lie to his feelings. So it is undeniably true that writing may be pleasant or unpleasant without reference to the character of the person or thing written about, and I shall be according neither praise nor blame to Colonel Carlos de Laishe if I say frankly that I approach the task of writing what I have to write concerning him with a great deal of reluctance and some trepidation; I don't know whether I shall find the work of writing about him a pleasant task—or the opposite.

Who was Colonel de Laishe? I don't know. Nobody did. Some rash men went so far as to say that they did not think he knew exactly himself.

He was Colonel de Laishe, of course—Colonel Carlos de Laishe. But that was all. When or where or how he got the rank and title of colonel, no one knew—unless it was the colonel himself, and no one ever found it convenient to ask him. In what service, in what country, under what flag, and under whose leadership, had he won the distinction due to worth and valor? No one knew.

This gentleman talked all modern languages with equal fluency. He could sit down with a group including Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, and I haven't time nor patience to tell who else, and so act and talk as to entertain them all, and make those who were so unfortunate as to speak only one of these many languages forget that that was a misfortune—or even a fact.

What the colonel could do with men he could do in even a greater degree with women. If he ever lacked a word in conversation, or failed to find a fitting phrase, it was never when the light language of compliment and flattery was falling from his lips. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to take the space to say that women usually liked him. No one knew the colonel's nationality. He had traveled so widely—judging by the stories of adventure which he could so entertainingly tell—that it would hardly be surprising if he had himself some vague doubts regarding the locality of his birth. He had the bronzed face and the dark eyes which made an origin in some land well down under the southern sun quite possible, but no one could be quite sure whether the bronze was natural or acquired. He had become a true cosmopolitan, a genuine citizen of the world; it seemed so unnatural to think of him as belonging to any one land as a man, that one shrank from thinking of him as having been born anywhere in particular.

No one knew the colonel's age. His hair was almost white, what he had; the top of his finely formed head was bald; his mustache was gray and grizzled. An old man of course, because of these things! But he was as quick and active and alert as many a young fellow of thirty-five; he could dance away half the night, dance until the ladies were ready to desist, and then go off and sit in a quiet game of poker—a game with rather stiff stakes when he had anything to do with it—until day came again. It didn't age him; he kept fresh and strong; I am not at all sure that he wasn't rather a young man, after all.

The colonel knew a great deal—in certain directions. I don't mean that he would have made a good college professor, or a successful lawyer or doctor; I don't think he would; no one person can know everything, and Colonel de Laishe's education hadn't been in just these lines. But he knew all about society, and sport, and stocks, and I was going to write *statesmanship*, but, upon the whole, I think I'll modify it a little, and say *politics*.

He could tell all about the reigning belle at a Summer resort, the number of her admirers, and the size of her fortune. He kept posted on the merits of all remarkable horseflesh, and the man who could find out the name of the horse on which the colonel was risking his money, really risking it, and much of it, I mean—for the colonel had an exasperating way of betting rather heavy sums on all sides of such a question—had only to follow that gentleman's lead to be sure of winning nine times out of ten, at the very least.

He could tell just when to buy into this mine, and just when to sell out of that railroad. He would tell you who the fortunate man would be in an election, oftener than the fairest and most thoroughly independent newspaper could (or at least would), and the majorities he mentioned were often much nearer the truth than the results first telegraphed to an anxious and waiting people—before the final and official canvass.

The colonel made no pretensions to being very good: he was simply a thorough-going man of the world. But no one knew of anything definite against his character as a man, or his honor as a

gentleman. Indeed, there were rumors, vague and uncertain ones, to the effect that the colonel had faced a man or two on the so-called field of honor, and that his antagonists had been unfortunate. The colonel had the reputation of being a good shot, and a skillful swordsman, but no one could be found who really knew anything about those matters.

Colonel de Laishe was habitually a very modest man—or a very untruthful one. Ask him for information on any subject, and his usual answer would be: "I don't know." Sit down by him, and converse with him, and you would find him a very encyclopedia of information—on the topics which I have mentioned as being of greatest interest to him, I mean. But he resembled an encyclopedia sold by subscription, and delivered a volume at a time; he was likely to be suddenly silent, when you most needed information. There were, so to speak, certain letters of the alphabet under which there didn't seem to be anything in him.

So much for an introduction to Colonel Carlos de Laishe. I am still gravely and anxiously uncertain whether we are going to find him a pleasant acquaintance or not. I feel quite sure he will be an interesting one.

* * * * *

There is a pleasant little Summer resort on the coast of Maine which we may as well call by the name of Bobunquedunk as by any other. Up to more than a year later than Paul Wallon's remarkable journey by the night express, the little village of Bobunquedunk had only one hotel; I am of the opinion that there is only one hotel there now. No railroad has found its way nearer than twenty miles away. The place is as quiet and secluded as one could wish. Colonel de Laishe always spent a part of his Summer at Bobunquedunk, a certain proof of the facts that he had good judgment and liked genuine pleasure. He had been there for a longer or a shorter time every Summer for many years. There was, indeed, among the inhabitants of that pleasant village, a legend to the effect that Colonel Carlos de Laishe, a veritable Columbus among Summer tourists, had discovered Bobunquedunk.

A pleasant evening in June. The time, almost a year since my story opened. The scene, the ballroom in the hotel at Bobunquedunk.

The hotel is moderately filled with guests; it is never more than moderately filled. Several cottages in the village have Summer tenants. Cottages and hotel alike furnish actors for this pleasant scene of enjoyment.

Some are dancing. The number present is not so great as to prevent any from indulging in that amusement almost continuously, if they so desire. But many are talking, some within the ballroom, some in the spacious grounds outside the hotel. I am afraid that some are flirting—though that is perhaps none of our concern.

Colonel Carlos de Laishe is neither dancing nor talking nor flirting. He is sitting alone in a retired corner of the ballroom.

A young gentleman, tall and slim and straight, crosses over to where the colonel sits. A harmless-looking young man. A young man who looks as if he had never lived out of sight of beautiful women in ball-dresses, nor out of the hearing of dance-music, during all the years he has lived. A young man who appears to have been as carefully kept as his faultless lieutenant's uniform. A young man whose whole appearance would lead the ordinary observer to the conclusion that a leave of absence would be the most appropriate thing in his case when there was any serious work on hand. Appearances are deceptive. I happen to know that this man's leave of absence was earned; that he led a desperate attack against a band of Indians not long ago, and won through sheer pluck and dash; that he sat in the saddle for seventy-two hours at a time, leaving it only long enough to change horses when he must; and that he carried a message, through a hostile region, that saved a settlement from massacre. I care less, however, who and what Carlos de Laishe is, when this sleek and trim young fellow crosses over and takes him by the hand with looks and words of friendliness and comradeship.

"Well, old fellow," says the young man, heartily, "how are you to-night?"

"Never better, Preston; and you?"

"Well; happy. With no other drawback to my happiness than the fact that my leave of absence is almost at an end. What do you know that's new?"

De Laishe laughed, a merry, boyish laugh.

"That's the way you fellows always come at me," he answered, with pretended plaintiveness; "what sort of a reputation have I? How did I get it? How in the world did I ever deserve it? How am I going to live up to it? What do I know that's new? Nothing; absolutely nothing!"

"You've met the new beauty? The lady who came yesterday?"

"No."

"Indeed? You'd like to, I suppose?"

"I—suppose—so. I like to know every one."

"You don't seem very enthusiastic over it."

"I am not. To my eye she isn't one-half as charming as Ethel Atherton."

"No? Well, perhaps she isn't as pretty to look at as Miss Atherton is. But the latter lady is a regular iceberg. You never see her smile. She never seems in earnest about anything. Her heart and brain seem to have been frozen. Don't you think she has had some terrible trouble in her life?"

"Yes."

"Do you know—"

"I? What should I know? Besides, I thought we were speaking of another lady instead of Miss Atherton—weren't we?"

"Certainly. And I want you to know her. Let me introduce you. She gave her consent to my bringing you up and making you acquainted with her, more than an hour ago."

"Thank you. You are undoubtedly as sure as

you are slow. I suppose we might as well go now and have the thing over. I—I—I mean I shall be quite delighted, of course." And the colonel laughed again, his merry, careless, boyish laugh.

"You ought to be," asserted young Preston, gravely, "for I assure you she is the brightest, Wittiest, quickest—"

"Ah!" cried the colonel, earnest himself in a moment, and with all his boyishness and laughter gone; "you—you—are you smitten there?"

"I? No," said the young man, quickly: "there is a little woman at the fort whose eyes and smiles and words have for ever made such a thing as that impossible. I enjoy the acquaintance of this young widow in just the way that one enjoys looking at a beautiful picture or listening to good music—that is all."

"Preston, I'm sincerely glad."

"Glad? Why?"

"For several reasons. First of all, because she isn't a widow. She has a husband living."

"She has?"

"She has."

"You know her, then?"

"No; I only know about her."

"It seems to me you know about almost everything."

"Does it? That's the reputation I have to live up to."

"What do you know about her?"

"Not very much, after all. Her husband got into some sort of trouble, something which looked black against him without being his fault, I think, and she left her home and went to live with a woman whose son was undoubtedly her husband's enemy, to say nothing of the probability of his being anxious to be her lover."

"Well! That's a remarkable story?"

"Yes. I think it is. True, too; and that's the beauty—or the ugliness—of it."

"Who is she? Where is she from? Who is her husband? What had he done? Why—"

Colonel de Laishe shrugged his shoulders.

"That will do, Preston, that will do. I didn't intend to sit coolly down with you to indulge in idle gossip, or to dissect the character of any woman. I only intended to give you a few words of warning, and I've done that. I've told you enough, at least, and possibly too much. I shall certainly answer no more of your questions. You mustn't forget that there's a certain little woman at the fort where your regiment is stationed whose eyes and smiles and words have for ever made this—none of your business."

Preston laughed, a little uneasily, perhaps.

"I suppose you're right," he said, frankly; "but you're certainly in an ugly mood this evening. What is the matter?"

"Matter enough. You know that vicious brute, Demonia, at the livery stable?"

"Yes."

"Well, I had a fancy to take a ride behind her, this moonlight night, all alone by myself."

"Well?"

"I needed excitement, something to get my thoughts on to new subjects, something with a spice of danger in it."

The lieutenant shuddered.

"Danger? I should think so. That treacherous beast has killed a man, hasn't she?"

"Two, I believe," replied the colonel.

"And you didn't go?"

"No; I couldn't. The stupid boy at the stable let the beast to another man, a stranger who probably never heard of her peculiarities, and who wouldn't know how to manage her if he had."

"And you're worrying about him?"

"Not a bit. I'm half mad with envy of him because of the drive he's having."

"Well, why not go with me and meet this lady of whom you know so much?"

"Thank you, I will. I am in just the mood for it. When one cannot have what he wishes, he must take what is next best. Since I cannot drive Demonia, I shall like nothing better in the world than having a dance with this woman!"

* * * * *

"Mrs. Girton, allow me to present my old friend Colonel de Laishe."

The lady received him graciously; the colonel bowed low and said something pleasant and complimentary. Then he asked for the dance, the music of which was just beginning. She bowed acquiescence. They floated away in the waltz.

"I shall have a thousand questions to ask you," she said, winningly; "you know I have not been here long, and that I know but few people. And you have the reputation of knowing every one and everything."

"Have I? I assure you I don't deserve it. I am greatly overrated if I am spoken of in that way. But—I knew when you came: I was one of the circle of silent admirers who watched your arrival."

"I am afraid, Colonel de Laishe, that you are a conscienceless flatterer."

"I? Not at all. I am the most thoroughly outspoken and sincere man you ever knew—quite blunt at times, I assure you. I shall be fortunate if I don't dispute you, or refuse to answer some question you ask, before the evening is over."

"I really think you couldn't do that."

"Perhaps not—to-night! I do such things often, though."

"Do you? I—But look there, Colonel de Laishe, please, and tell me who that beautiful woman is."

"Which one? There are at least a dozen very pretty women there."

"I didn't say pretty; of course several of them are pretty; I asked about the beautiful one, the tall and queenly-looking one, there—the one who is speaking now."

"Oh! Do you call her beautiful?"

"Certainly."

"We should never agree on that point, Mrs. Girton, for I think—"

"But who is she?"

"Her name is Ethel Atherton."

"Is it? I am so glad to see her. I have heard a great deal about her sweetness and her goodness and her beauty. She is the belle of the season at Bobunquedunk, is she not?"

"She was—two days ago!" replied the colonel.

Young Preston seemed to know every one. He seemed to have a laudable (or lamentable) desire that every one should know every one else. He appeared in the distance, just then, guiding a gentleman to some introduction which his good nature had prompted him to arrange. The colonel and Mrs. Girton had paused, and now stood a little apart from the dancers, one of them, at least, looking interestedly at the ever-changing groups of men and women before them.

"That is a very distinguished-looking gentleman with Lieutenant Preston," said Mrs. Girton.

"Yes. He is distinguished, too—in his way."

"Is he? What is the way, pray?"

"He's a speculator. He's one of the newest and one of the nerviest operators in Wall Street. He is said to have made at least a hundred thousand dollars there in less than six months—to have made it out of nothing, literally out of nothing."

Mrs. Girton shook her head.

"I don't know him, then," she said, "and never did. There seemed to me to be something familiar about him, something in the way he walked, or in the way he held his head, which suggested some one I must have known many long years ago."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Girton, but many long years ago—many—would take you back to your girlhood, to your youngest years."

"I suppose it would," said she, with a smile.

"That man—" began the colonel, then suddenly started violently. "Good God!" he muttered. "Can that fool be going to present him to Ethel Atherton?"

They saw the woman look up. They saw her face pale—slightly. They saw her hands tremble—just a little. They saw her catch her breath—for a single instant. And that was all they saw more than you or I could see, kind reader, in the thousands of cases of acquaintance-making which take place every day. The man neither hurried nor hesitated; he neither

conquered almost insurmountable obstacles in the line he had marked out for himself, and there is now scarcely a town of any importance on the civilized globe where the Weston arc and incandescent method of electric lighting is not known. Hundreds of buildings and other places throughout the country are illuminated by the system which owes its origin to Edward Weston. Among them may be mentioned the Brooklyn Bridge, the Equitable Building, a number of streets in this and other cities, Battery Park, City Hall Park, Washington Square, the Post-office, and the Philadelphia Post-office and United States Mint.

Mr. Weston has taken out upwards of 200 patents relating to the practical application of electricity. Many of the most important processes which are now commonly in use in nickel-plating are due to his intimate knowledge of the principles underlying the art, and to his inventive genius. Had Weston fully recognized the advantage of patenting his inventions and properly covered these various processes, he would now be in receipt of a princely income from this source; as it is, they have become public property by use. He was the first who prepared the copper-coated carbons which are so generally used throughout the world in the arc form of electric lighting. It was not until 1875 that he took out his first patent. His claim to the invention of a true dynamo-electric machine which would serve for electro-metallurgical work remains undisputed. The simplicity and general excellence of this machine almost completely revolutionized the art of electro-plating in this country, the saving in zinc, acids and mercury being something enormous.

Mr. Weston has devoted a great deal of attention to the production of light and the transmission of power by electricity. Although Mr. Maxim obtained the credit for the invention in connection with incandescent lamps, known as the hydro-carbon treatment process, Mr. Weston was the real inventor, and it was only after a contest in the Patent Office, extending over a number of years, that he was enabled to obtain his rights. Everybody has noticed the lamp of carbon in incandescent lamps, but few think of the thought and ingenuity it has cost to obtain a homogeneous carbon that will be equally incandescent in all its parts. There being no substance in nature with this quality, Mr. Weston invented a substance called tamidine, the strips of which give uniform luminosity throughout.

In connection with the electric transmission of power, Weston has also highly distinguished himself. He has constructed several motors of remarkable efficiency which were used for the purpose of propelling electric torpedo-boats. This is comparatively a new field of electric study, and many valuable patents have been the result of Mr. Weston's inventive genius. The influence of electric lighting on the steam-engine business has been remarkable. Upwards of fifty thousand horse-power is used to drive machines of the Weston type. Mr. Weston says that electricity is destined to play a much more important part in the economy of civilized life than most people dream of. A steam-engine which is an apparently perfect piece of mechanism wastes nearly eighty per cent. of the energy of the fuel. The dynamo-electric motor would change all this if the energy evolved in the combination of coal with oxygen could be converted directly into electricity. The dynamo machine will convert more than ninety per cent. of the power transmitted to it into useful energy, and good electric motors do not fall far short of it. It would be impossible within the compass of this article to enumerate the inventions of Mr. Weston, but they all prove him to be a man of great energy and much fertility of resource.

THE ILLUMINATION OF KENNESAW MOUNTAIN.

KENNESAW MOUNTAIN looms grandly above the town of Marietta, Ga., very much as Lookout overshadows Chattanooga in Tennessee. The battle of Kennesaw Mountain, fought on the 27th of June, 1864, is memorable in the stirring annals of the Atlanta campaign; and although it was not in itself a Federal success, it was speedily followed by one, when Sherman, on the 3d of July, forced Johnston to evacuate the heights and retire to the north of the Chattahoochee.

The old soldiers in blue and in gray have met again on their old battleground—this time in brotherly reunion. They began gathering at Marietta on the 11th inst., when they had a barbecue, a parade, fireworks on the mountain, etc. The grand culmination of their festivities took place on Monday evening, the 17th—the date of President Cleveland's arrival, via Chattanooga, and the historic Western and Atlantic Railroad, in Atlanta. The President will have witnessed, in passing at early evening through Marietta (twenty miles northwest of Atlanta), an indescribably impressive illumination of the grand old battle-mountain, consisting of pyrotechnics on its wooded sides and a crown of fire on the summit, together with red lights, rockets, and artillery salutes enough to thrill the veterans with recollections of the time when the shells from Sherman's batteries filled the air. The nation's Chief Magistrate could not have had a more magnificent entry into Atlanta. The pyrotechnic display furnished by the Betweller & Street Fireworks Manufacturing Company, of New York, was in all respects one of the finest ever seen on this continent. Niagara Falls, in a solid cataract of light, 150 feet long and 60 feet high, was presented. Another feature was a thousand rockets sent by an electric spark rushing into space at the same instant. Over \$13,000 was expended on these exhibitions, which have never been exceeded in extent and in brilliant and novel effects.

HOW THE SULTAN LIVES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Mail and Express* gossips about the Sultan and his daily life as follows: "At morning prayer the Sultan stands erect with his face to the east, and his feet on his praying-carpet, and placing the thumbs of each hand under each ear, he spreads his hands like wings, lifting his ears upwards as if to catch any sound from heaven, and with his hands in this position must turn first to the right and spit, then to the left, and then dropping his hands to his side, hold them rigid while he bends his knee and then his whole body forward from his knees until his forehead touches the floor three times. He repeats his prayer in this position, and gets upon his feet again without touching his hands to the floor, and again makes wings of his ears, and again spits right and left, and his prayer is over. Every Turk believes that he has two attendant spirits, one good and one evil, and as he is not sure which side the emissary of Shaitan has pre-empted, he spits at both to make sure."

"After his prayer the Sultan frequently goes

out into his garden before breakfast, and if he does, no person must remain in sight unless he calls him back. Gardeners, servants, officers and slaves all disappear as quickly as they possibly can if they see him in the distance, as it is considered profanation to disturb his early morning reflections.

"After his walk in the garden, the Sultan returns to his own room, where he breakfasts sitting on a divan, and the slave whose duty it is to serve the meals comes in with several small gold pots and kettles on a large gold tray richly chased and covered with a felt and velvet cover embroidered with gold threads and pearls, turquoise and coral beads. These little kettles are placed one by one upon another tray, smaller, and each one is first offered to the chamberlain, who is obliged to eat one spoonful from each to prove that it is not poisoned, after which it is offered to the Sultan, and so on to the last. No living person ever eats from the same *tarla* or with the Sultan under any circumstances or on any occasion. At dinners given to ambassadors the Grand Vizier and other high Turkish functionaries may eat together with the ambassadors, and the Sultan comes in and walks once around the table, saying a word of greeting to the honored guests, but he never eats or sits down with them. His food is always cooked separately and served separately, and no dishes are used at all other than the pots and kettles.

"As soon as breakfast is finished the Sultan disposes himself to attend to the business of the day. He reads no papers, and knows nothing of what is going on except that his courtiers tell him what they like, and so distort all else that he is a simple tool in their hands. When any event of importance takes place in any country they turn matters over so adroitly as to make him order that this or that shall be done, when it has already been done without his intervention, but he is then made to believe that he is responsible for the whole of the changes in the political world. He is as capricious as a child, and is the most complete puppet in the hands of his courtiers that could exist. The chief eunuch and chamberlain virtually hold the power and the peace of Europe in their hands.

"After all the business of the day is disposed of the Sultan says another prayer, takes a lunch and goes to his bath, at which six female slaves attend him. No man is allowed to lay his unholly hands upon the Sultan's sacred person. After this bath comes the principal, or half-past four, meal, which consists of from fifteen to eighteen courses served in pots and kettles without dishes, and eaten by the Sultan with sleeves rolled up to the elbows, and while seated on a divan. Between times and after dinner he drinks coffee, eats nuts and sweetmeats, and smokes, seeing no persons other than the chamberlain, chief eunuch and his slaves and attendants.

"After dinner the Sultan sometimes walks a little, but more often sits on his divan and listens to stories told by professional story-tellers.

"The Sultan has over 6,000 souls attached in some manner or capacity to the palace and in his personal service, aside from the soldiers."

BEAUTY'S GOLDEN APPLES.

AN AMERICAN traveling in Germany writes as follows to the Chicago *News*: "Beauty shows are by no means an American invention. It is not more than a few weeks ago that such a show occurred on the feast of St. Stephen, the patron saint of Hungary, at Pesth. But the beauties were not from the start on exhibition for any one able to pay a dime. The beauties, forty odd in number, were standing in a circle to be looked at and cross-examined by a jury composed of a number of gentlemen moving in the highest circles of society. The Chairman, Count Stephen Karolyi, announced the verdict of that strange jury, declaring Miss Gizzella Schobez, Miss Ida Toronyi and Mrs. Mariska Kolos to be the greatest beauties of the land this year. The former is described as a splendid figure, tall, well proportioned and a little voluptuous, with blue eyes and shining, golden hair, dressed in a charming pink suit. The other two are dark beauties, with black hair and fiery black eyes. The awards are duplicates of the golden apple awarded by Paris of Troy to the Goddess of Beauty some 3,000 years ago, but in the degenerate northern climate of Hungary the apple has become much stunted in growth, being now not much larger than a little hazel-nut. After delivery of the verdict and distribution of the prizes, inclosed in cases of blue velvet, to the three champion beauties, the populace were so eager to obtain a look at them that they broke through the fence and formed a living and rather unruly circle around the three, and, not satisfied with looks only, they persisted in being convinced of the fleshly reality of the marvels until a number of more sober and good-natured gentlemen formed a guard of honor around the beauties and conducted them in safety from their field of victory."

INDIAN COURTS.

AMONG the instrumentalities provided by Commissioner Atkins for the elevation of the Indian, it appears, are native tribunals called "Courts of Indian Offenses." One of these courts has been established among the Apaches on the Mescalero Reservation in New Mexico. Some of the proceedings of this court are thus described in a letter from the agent in charge: "A Court of Indian Offenses was duly organized, composed of three of the most sensible and influential Indians on the reservation. The first case brought before this august tribunal was that of a brave who was of a festive nature. He had introduced a kettle of 'tiswine,' a disgusting fermented drink of their own manufacture, into a *sorée* which he was enjoying with some of his admirers. A state of feeling was produced which resulted in the brandishing of knives, the firing of pistols, the pulling of hair and a hideous vexing of the drowsy ear of night with hair-raising Apache war-cries. When the noble red man was arraigned next day all the charges were fully proven, and the grave Chief Justice sentenced him to a week in the guardhouse, adding that, if the prisoner were not a particular friend of his, he would have him shot. Another case was that of a brace of Indian policemen who came to the agency one night very happy and very boisterous, with a bottle of whisky in their possession. They were arrested and duly arraigned and tried. The usual sentence of a week in the calaboose was imposed. The sight of the full bottle of whisky which had been put in evidence, however, had greatly unsettled the judge, and hastening to adjourn the court, he took the chief of police aside and asked for the bottle as a present. When this request was refused, he offered to go to jail with the prisoner

and stay the whole week, if allowed to drink the liquor. This affords a fair idea of the importance, impartiality and dignity of our 'Court of Indian Offenses.'

NEAL DOW AND HIS PROHIBITION CRUSADE.

GENERAL NEAL DOW, now nearly eighty-four, is almost as youthful and as fresh as at forty. Sitting in his study at Portland, Me., he lately told a friend how it happened that he first undertook the big task of abolishing the liquor traffic. "I have never told the story in public," he said; "nor has it ever been printed. As you know," he went on, "it was a good many years ago. I was sitting in this same house one evening quite late. In answering a knock at the door I found a lady, whom I knew very well as the wife of a Government official in this city. He was a periodical drunkard, and on this very night was down-town on a spree. His wife wished me to get him home quietly, because if he was drunk next day he might lose his position. I started out, and found him in the back room of one of the down-town saloons. That was in the days of license in Maine. I said to the keeper, in a quiet way: 'I wish you would sell no more liquor to Mr. Blank.' 'Why, Mr. Dow,' he said, 'this is my business; I must supply my customers.' 'That all may be,' I replied, 'but here is this gentleman with a large family depending on him for support. If he goes to his office tomorrow, drunk, he will lose his place. I wish you would sell him no more.' He became somewhat angry; told me that he, too, had a family to support; that he had a license to sell liquor to whom-ever he pleased; and that he didn't care to have me meddling in his business. 'So then you have a license?' said I, 'and you support your family by destroying that man's. We'll see about this. I went home thoroughly determined to devote my life to suppressing the liquor traffic in the best way possible. The Maine law originated in that rumshop."

A GENEROUS INDIAN PRINCE.

A LETTER has been addressed by His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad to the Indian Office which has caused great gratification in English official circles. The Nizam says in the outset of his letter that he has for some time noticed that the Indian revenue has shown but little increase while the expenditures have been steadily gaining. He finds that these expenditures have been largely increased by the necessity for expending large sums for improved defense of the Indian frontier against the advance of Russia in Central Asia. He says in this letter that he believes that entire India benefits from these measures, and he, therefore, as the oldest ally of the English in India, deems it necessary to show in some open way that the interests of all the inhabitants of India, British and native, are identical in this matter of frontier defense against Russian aggression. He, therefore, offers the English Government a free gift of £200,000 annually for a period of two years for the purpose of strengthening English resources along the line of defenses of the northwest Indian frontier.

The London *Times* says this contribution is absolutely without precedent in Indian history in time of peace, and that it is significant of the great distrust of the East Asian potentates against Russia. The Nizam is the foremost Mohammedan potentate in the English quarter of Asia, and in the substantial attribute of power he is superior to the Shah of Persia.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE AMOUNT of force exerted by heat and cold in expansion and contraction of metal is equal to that which would be required to stretch or compress it to the same extent by mechanical means.

TIN or zinc is sometimes nailed over the ends of large timbers where they are exposed to the weather, such as railroad bridges, etc. A heavy coat of tar applied to the end before putting the timber on will be a decided improvement.

A LENS which magnifies, and yet is perfectly flat on both sides, is a scientific novelty. It is made at Jena, by the manufacturer of Professor Abbie's new optical glass. The lens consists of a single disk, the density of which varies so that its refractory power decreases regularly from the surface inward.

A STANDARD thermometer is made with a dial upon which the figures are as easily read as upon a clock. In this instrument strips of metal which are unequally acted upon by heat or cold are soldered together in the form of spirals. The action of the temperature is multiplied by delicate wheels and pinions.

DR. BROWN SEQUARD has just read a remarkable paper before the French Academy of Sciences on the movements of the muscles after death. Many physiologists believe that these post-mortem movements are due to atmospheric causes. Dr. Sequard controverts this, although he does not deny that they may be partially brought about by variations of the temperature. He argues that the real cause of such movements is to be sought in the vitality of the muscles, which remains in a dead body sometimes for forty-five hours after death.

ELECTRIC heat-indicators are valuable means of preventing spontaneous combustion at sea. They consist of thermometers, incased and protected by iron tubes, provided, in a well-known manner, with platinum wires, and connected to a system of electric bells and indicators on deck. These thermometers are distributed among such dangerous cargoes as coal, cotton, etc., liable to spontaneous combustion. Should any undue heat arise in any part of the cargo, the mercury in the thermometers will rise, make contact with the platinum wires, and give an instantaneous alarm on deck, at the same time indicating the exact spot where such dangerous heat may exist.

THE GOVERNMENT of Jamaica offers a premium of \$500 for the production of the best practical elementary text-book of tropical agriculture specially applicable to Jamaica, and embodying the first principles of agriculture. It is stated that the object of the manual is to create in the mind of the young an early and intelligent interest in the soil and its products, and particular attention is to be paid to simplicity, brevity, and freedom, as far as possible, from technical terms. It is desired that the propagation and cultivation of tropical economic plants should have due prominence. Manuscripts are to be forwarded to the Government of Jamaica on or before the 1st of August, 1888.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE TOPS of the Adirondack Mountains are covered with snow.

THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT has decided to largely reduce the number of troops in Burmah.

THE TOTAL amount of contributions received and promised for the Imperial Institute is \$2,000,000.

ACCORDING to the official reports, there were 30,780 fatal cases of cholera in the northwest provinces of India during the month of August.

THE MEMORIAL in favor of international arbitration to the President and Congress of America has been signed by 230 members of the British Parliament.

A MINISTERIAL crisis has been caused in Egypt by a deficit of £300,000 in the budget. To meet the deficit, distasteful economies have been proposed.

ANOTHER wonder at the piano! In Belgium a three-year-old girl, Mlle. Pain-Pare, has played Mozart's Concerto in G to the highest admiration of her audience.

THE alliance of Italy, Germany and Austria has been renewed for five years, Italy reserving the right to maintain absolute neutrality in the event of a Franco-German war.

A SYNDICATE of capitalists with \$3,000,000 capital has purchased 68,000 acres of coal land in Breathitt County, Ky., and will at once open the mines and build railroads through the country.

A LARGE Spanish force has been ordered to the Caroline Islands to punish the natives. The United States corvette *Essex* has been ordered to the same place to protect the American missionaries there.

THE OFFICIAL returns from the prohibition election of last month in Tennessee place the anti-prohibition majority in the State at 27,693. The temperance organizations are already preparing for another struggle.

THE NEBRASKA DEMOCRATS have nominated a STATE TICKET on a platform favoring more favorable legislation for the laboring classes, the rigid enforcement of the high-license law, and opposing prohibition and all sumptuary laws.

THE TOWN of Quelito, on the southern coast of Mexico, having a population of 8,000, was totally destroyed by a tornado on October 7th and 8th. Many lives were lost, and the entire coffee and orange crops on the coast region were destroyed.

IN VIEW of the Italo-German alliance, Gen. Ferri, the French Minister of War, has gone to the Italian frontier to make a tour of inspection. An entrenched camp will probably be formed at Nice, and the garrisons at Toulon and Nancy are to be reinforced.

A NORWEGIAN boy only eleven years of age arrived at New York last week, bound for Michigan, having traversed the seas alone, all the way from Hammerfest, the most northern inhabitable part of his native country—a distance of nearly five thousand miles.

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT of Manitoba is issuing \$300,000 of provincial bonds, with six per cent. interest, payable in one year, to supply funds for the Red River Railroad. A large amount were purchased last week, and it is hoped the road will be finished this year.

A DISPATCH from Teheran, Persia, says that Ayoub Khan perished in the desert. His death resulted from wounds received in the recent battle with the Ameer's troops. Eight of his associates in his flight from Persia have been captured, leaving eight still missing.

ONE of the most original specimens of German journalism is the weekly sheet about to appear in Lorrach, Baden, under the title *The Mother-in-Law*, every subscriber to which, male or female, may also be a contributor. It will be a regular visitor in the family, and have its say upon all subjects.

A REVENGE CUTTER just arrived at San Francisco from the Arctic reports that during the season she had seized twelve sealing-schooners with a total of nearly 7,000 skins. The Russian authorities have seized three sealers on the Siberian coast—one American, one British, and the third nationality unknown.

THE PHILADELPHIA *Times* avers that one of its writers this summer "did England, the Low Countries, the Rhine and Switzerland, spent a week in Rome, another in Paris and a longer time in London, traveling comfortably and seeing all that the average tourist expects to see, and got back to Philadelphia with something left out of \$300."

AT A RECENT CONFERENCE of British Liberals it was decided to accede to the demands of the Welsh Liberals and make the disestablishment of the Church in Wales a plank of the platform to be presented at the coming Liberal Federation Congress. It was also decided that there should be no further development of the Home Rule policy, and that nothing would be added to or withdrawn from that policy.

OVER FOUR HUNDRED SUITS for divorce have been filed in the County Clerk's Office at San Francisco during the present year. All the civil departments of the Superior Court are crowded with cases of this character. The cause of this remarkable rush to secure relief from the bonds of matrimony is ascribed to the laxity of the California divorce laws, many of the applicants not having resided long in the State.

THE AMERICAN CONSUL at Beirut, Syria, writes that no sailing-vessel or steamer carrying the Stars and Stripes has entered the port of Beirut since 1880. The United States flag as an emblem of commerce is almost wholly unknown in that part of the world. Up to 1880 American sailing-vessels bringing petroleum and returning with a varied assortment of Oriental goods were sometimes to be seen, but at present this carrying trade is all possessed by European vessels.

A TREATY of UNION has been concluded between the South African Republic and the New Boer Republic. Henceforth they will be one state and under one President. England's formal sanction of the union is awaited. Negotiations are proceeding between the South African Republic and the Orange Free State. The New Boer Republic was founded in 1855 by freebooters from the Transvaal, at the expense of the Zulus. It occupies a wide section through the centre of Zululand, and extends nearly to the sea. Its area is about 1,800 square miles, and its capital is Vryheid.



TENNESSEE.—AN HUMBLE TRIBUTE TO THE WIFE OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND—SCENE NEAR CHATTANOOGA, ON THE LINE OF THE WESTERN AND ATLANTIC RAILWAY.
FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 150.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE REMAINS OF GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK, FORMERLY UNITED STATES MINISTER TO CHILI, LYING IN STATE AT THE CITY HALL.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 151.

THE PROPOSED STATUE OF PRESIDENT WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

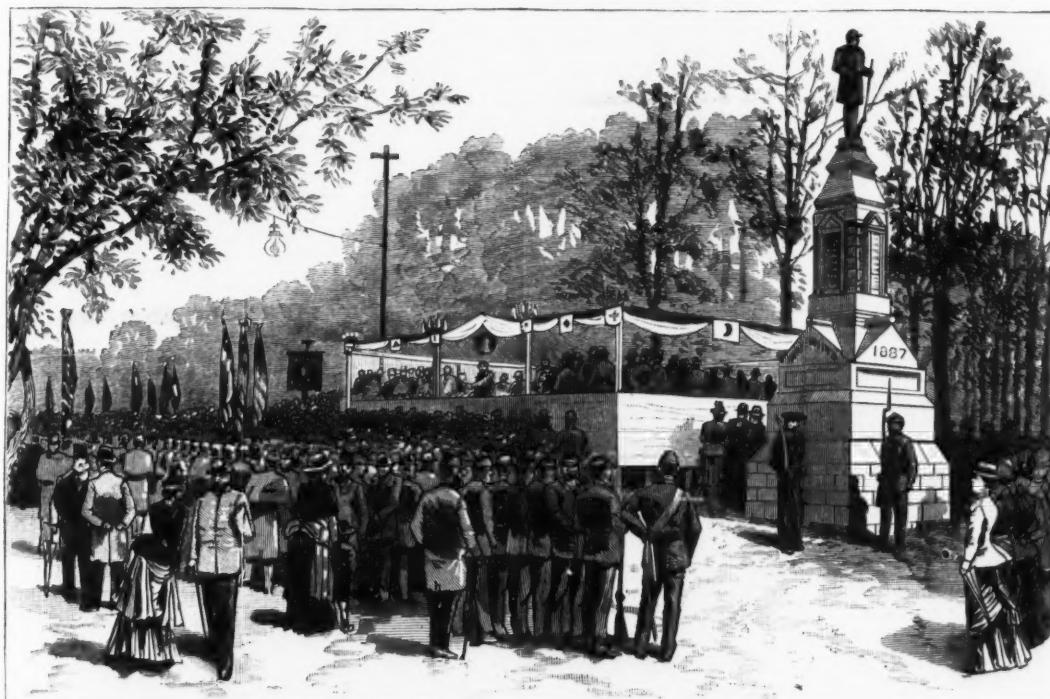
OHIO is making grand preparations to celebrate the centenary of her settlement, and 1888 promises to be the most notable year in her history. Already a guaranty fund of \$1,000,000 has been subscribed to support a great Interstate Exposition in Cincinnati, and the Legislatures of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, West Virginia, and Michigan have appointed commissioners to represent them in next year's festivities. The Buckeyes have just inaugurated some interesting preliminaries, and on October 5th enjoyed a pleasant pilgrimage to the tomb of President William Henry Harrison, the first Governor of the Northwest Territory. The tomb is situated at North



OHIO.—THE PROPOSED STATUE OF GENERAL WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, NINTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, TO BE ERECTED AT CINCINNATI.



NEW JERSEY.—EDWARD WESTON, THE ELECTRICIAN.
PHOTO BY PARKER.—SEE PAGE 154.



PENNSYLVANIA.—DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT AT BETHLEHEM, OCTOBER 11TH.
FROM A SKETCH BY HENRY E. BROWN.

Bend, in a neglected spot on the Ohio River, seventeen miles west of Cincinnati, and the object of the pilgrimage, and the speeches of Hon. W. S. Holman, Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, Hon. Job E. Stevenson, Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge, and other notables, was to arouse the native pride and secure for the almost forgotten hero some memorial of his glorious deeds. Last Winter the General Assembly of Ohio voted \$25,000 towards the casting of a bronze equestrian statue of General Harrison, and the model of the work has just been accepted by the commissioners having the matter in charge, and the award made to Mr. Louis F. Rebisse. The successful competitor is a Cincinnati gentleman, and defeated in the contest a number of celebrated sculptors, including Ezekiel, of Rome. The statue will be a striking figure of the great Indian fighter as he appeared in his later days, riding on his favorite horse, before he became President. The statue will occupy some prominent site in Cincinnati. An effort is also to be made to erect a shaft at the Harrison mound at North Bend, for which Congress will be asked, at the coming session, to make an appropriation.

THE GREAT ARMOUR MISSION.

THE completion of the Armour Mission gives Chicago the most liberal charitable institution in the world. It is in every way worthy of Mr. P. D. Armour, its projector and principal patron. The late Joseph Armour bequeathed \$100,000 for judicious charity. To this his brother Philip added \$300,000, and erected this Mission at the corner of Thirty-third and Butterfield Streets, a section of the city where the poor are most numerous. Besides the enormous structure, ninety flats have been erected to maintain it. These

afford an income of \$25,000 a year. The church and Sunday-school have a capacity for 3,000 people. Over 1,000 children of the poor are taught here at the free Kindergarten. A big dispensary furnishes free medical attendance and medicine to all poor sufferers. There is no benevolence of any description which this institution does not minister to; not a poor person of any nationality or creed who is turned away in want, in illness or in suffering.

One day a dirty, ragged tramp walked into Armour's office, where no barriers stop one, or menials ask his business. Stepping up to Mr. Armour, he said: "Boss, I want ten cents to buy a drink." Armour pulled out a dollar-bill, and remarked, in his pleasant way: "You ought never to drink without taking a bite to eat. I advise you to try a square meal for once with the liquor, and see how it improves the system." In the Mission this absolute disinterestedness and charity to all men is carried out. To those who expostulated against giving a tramp money, doubtless to be spent for drink, Mr. Armour turned and pointed to his son, saying: "Suppose my boy should ever come to want and degradation, do you think I would want him refused? Why, the lower down one gets, the more he needs assistance." If any one of the large corps of assistants of the Mission should refuse the lowest of the poor, he would be discharged instantly.

THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT BETHLEHEM, PA.

THE Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, erected at Bethlehem, Pa., to the memory of the patriots who went from their homes in that town to lay down their lives in the war for the Union, was unveiled on Tuesday of last week. Governor Beaver was present at the ceremonies, which were elaborate and appropriate, including a procession of Grand Army Posts and civic organizations; a memorial address by General Doster; a patriotic and stirring address by the orator of the day, Major A. Wilson Norris; and the dedication proper, according to the beautiful ritual of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The design and general appearance of the monument are shown by our engraving on this page. It had been intended that Viola



ILLINOIS.—THE ARMOUR MISSION BUILDINGS IN CHICAGO.
FROM A PHOTO.

Yemans, the ten-year-old daughter of Comrade Yemans, of the Grand Army, should unveil the monument; but the wind having torn down the covering, this part of the ceremony was omitted. The monument was much admired. The metal used is white bronze, and the Monumental Bronze Company has done an excellent piece of work.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

A NATIONAL lead "trust" is about to be organized by the lead-smelting firms of the West.

THE coroner's jury called to investigate the late railroad disaster at Kout, Ind., rendered a verdict censuring the railroad officials for negligence.

THE President last week visited Kansas City, Omaha, Sioux City, and Memphis, being everywhere received with demonstrations of popular enthusiasm.

THE Stafford National Bank and the Stafford Savings Bank at Stafford, Conn., have suspended, owing to fraudulent operations by the cashier of the former, to the amount of \$250,000.

THE Missouri Grand Lodge of Masons has sustained the order of the Grand Master, directing all subordinate lodges to expel members in any way connected with the liquor traffic.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT, editor of *The Christian Union*, has been engaged as a pulpit supply for Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, pending the selection of a permanent pastor, and he will begin his duties in November.

THE well-known Baltic Mills, at the town of the same name in Connecticut, which were erected by W. & E. Sprague, were totally destroyed by fire on Friday last. The loss is estimated at \$1,500,000, and nine hundred operatives are thrown out of work.

THE convention of the American Bankers' Association, held at Pittsburg last week, adopted a resolution favoring the suspension of the coinage of silver until an international agreement can be reached for its general coinage at a common and uniform ratio with gold.

SIR JOHN SWINBURNE, Holley Stewart, and O. V. Morgan, the forerunners of a delegation from the British Parliament who are about to submit a memorial to the President and Congress calling for a treaty by which certain international difficulties may be settled by arbitration, arrived at New York on the 14th instant.

THE Northern Ohio Insane Asylum, at Cleveland, caught fire from the laundry, on Wednesday evening of last week. Seven of the unfortunate inmates, all women, were burned to death, and three more suffered severe injuries. The firemen prevented the spread of the flames to the main buildings, but the damage to the property will probably exceed \$20,000.

FOREIGN.

VIGOROUS measures are contemplated for the restoration of order in the Congo country.

BOULANGER'S arrest is the leading topic in Paris, and if he is removed a place is to be found for him by his admirers in the Chamber of Deputies.

It is said that the British Government will, within a fortnight, "totally suppress the National League." To do so, it will have to "suppress" the Irish people.

THE inspectors and constables who were found guilty of murder by the coroner's jury at Mitchelstown, Ireland, have not been arrested. They have, however, been suspended from duty pending the appeal from the verdict of the jury.

THE Queen Regent of Spain has signed a decree authorizing the construction of six ironclads of 7,000 tons each, which shall be capable of attaining a speed of sixteen to twenty miles an hour; also four large and sixty small torpedo-boats.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S TRAVELING OUTFIT.

THE Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore American* gives the following description of the President's wife's outfit: "Mrs. Cleveland's traveling dress was an exquisitely fitting costume of dark-brown foulard silk, the skirt of which was of brown, with trimming of white flowers, and formed a mass of full drapery, falling in graceful festoons, entirely hiding the under petticoat and made bountiful at the back, the waist being of the plain cut to fit the figure to perfection, and laced closely up the front as far as the bust. A dainty bonnet of the same completed a most tasteful toilet. A handsome dinner dress of black velvet, made by the same tailor, was open in front to form a petticoat of white moire covered with black jetted lace, the back falling from the waist in full, rich folds, terminating in long train. The bodice of velvet was cut square in the neck, which was filled in with the lace-covered moire, finished with a ruching of the same at the throat. Plain tight sleeves of velvet, with elbow puffings, formed an artistic finish to the whole."

MANNA IN EASTERN TURKEY.

MR. COLE, of Bitlis, a missionary of the American Board in Eastern Turkey, in describing a journey from Harput to Bitlis, says: "We traveled for four days through a region where had newly fallen a remarkable deposit of heavenly bread, as the natives sometimes call it—manna. There were extensive forests of scrubby oaks, and most of the deposit was on the leaves. Thousands of the poor peasants, men, women, and children, were out upon the plains gathering the sweet substance. Some of them plunge into kettles of boiling water the newly cut branches of the oaks, which washes off the deposit until the water becomes so sweet as to remind the Yankee of a veritable sugaring off in the old Granite State as he takes sips of it. Other companies of natives may be seen vigorously beating with sticks the branches, that from having been spread on the ground have so dried that the glistening crystals fall readily upon the carpet spread to receive them. The crystals are separated from the pieces of leaves by a sieve, and then the manna is pressed into cakes for use. The manna is in great demand among these Oriental Christians. As we were traveling through a rather dry region, the article came in play for our plain repasts."

SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED ABOUT THE TORTILITA MINES.

Since the article descriptive of the Tortilita Gold and Silver Mining Company appeared in the *Evening Post*, the publishers have been deluged with inquiries concerning the integrity of the Company, and with requests respecting the value of the Company's property. We are glad to be able to reassure all inquirers and others interested in this subject. The publishers of the *Post* enjoy a personal acquaintance with Mr. Joseph H. Real, President of the Tortilita Gold and Silver Mining Company, and know him to be an able and honorable gentleman. We have the fullest confidence in his integrity and ability, either personally or as representing the Tortilita Company, to perform faithfully whatever contract he may make.

In regard to the Company's mining properties the facts are known. The Tortilita group of mines contain a vast deposit of gold and silver ore. They have for some time been under development in a small way; that is, with two or three hand-windlasses and a five-stamp mill. They have produced enough of the precious metals to more than pay all expenses and prove their great value. The Company is now contracting for the introduction of suitable machinery, and for the purchase of three twenty-stamp mills, which will multiply the present producing capacity of the mines ten times without largely increasing expenses. To pay for these improvements they are selling a given quantity of stock—a sensible and wise proceeding.

The management are giving their enterprise the widest publicity through the Press, and thus countering the closest investigation of their property.

The Company will be making five or six thousand dollars a day as soon as they get their fifty or sixty stamps in operation, and then the stock will probably be obtainable only for many times the price that it is on the market for to-day.

This statement, made without the knowledge of the Company, is an answer to the average letter of inquiry which reaches this office by every mail. If its publication proves useful to the public, we shall be very glad.—*Harford (Conn.) Post*, Sept. 19, 1887.

The shares of the Tortilita Gold and Silver Mining Company are two dollars each, and are based on proven and developed property worth many times their value.

JOSEPH H. REAL, 57 Broadway, New York, 48 Congress Street, Boston.

FUN.

HOW CAN a bride be expected to show self-possession when she is being given away?—*New Haven News*.

HISTORY furnishes no parallel to the popularity of DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP, 25 cents.

Johnny has stumped his toe, poor fellow! Quick—buy a bottle of SALVATION OIL.

If you drop your collar-button, there is one sure method of finding it. After you have hunted the bureau across the room, to look under it, then replace the furniture and put on a heavy pair of shoes; start to walk across the room, and before you have taken three steps you will step on the collar-button and smash it all to pieces.—*Danville Breeze*.

WHAT DID IT?

IT often happens that, when we have been doctoring for a new ailment, to our surprise some old complaint suddenly disappears, and we are at a loss to account for it. We cannot say whether it was the medicine we had taken or whether it was the change produced in us by the effort. Nature made to cast off our disease, and by the aid of some medicine reaching the nerve-centres and thus revitalizing the system. The following are two very remarkable cases, that seem almost too wonderful to be true:

The first is from Mrs. Sarah Fisher, of Fishertown, Indian Territory, dated January 21st, 1886:

"I have completely recovered from erysipelas and rheumatism by the use of your Compound Oxygen Treatment. I threw away my crutches three months ago—and now can walk as well as any one. We have a large store here, and do a great deal of business, and some days they get so pushed that I have to go in and help. The people are all surprised to see me looking so well, after being so low and crippled. I tell them Compound Oxygen did it for me."

The following statement is by a mother, who writes from Plainfield, New Jersey, about her child, who has not yet finished her growth:

"We have tried Compound Oxygen with good results, we think, in the case of our daughter. For four years the right limb was shorter than the other, and we had to have her wear a cork shoe. Within two weeks past we have found the limbs at the feet to be of the same length; have bought the ordinary shoes, and she walks as well and even better than during the latter part of her wearing the high shoes. Whether this is a direct result of the Compound Oxygen I cannot say; but it certainly looks to be. Her general health is so much improved from the Autumn, when she began the Treatment, I desire to continue it, and trust to see even greater results. I request you, therefore, to send at your earliest convenience a second course of your Home Treatment."

If you would like to know more of this wonderful remedial agent, write to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. A treatise of nearly two hundred pages mailed free to all applicants.

COMIC MAN (pompously)—"Yes, the element of surprise is the basis of all wit. It may have struck you in my humorous paragraphs." Friend—"Exactly; I'm always surprised to find them in print."—*Accident News*.

22 WEST 49TH ST., NEW YORK,
Oct. 25th, 1881.

DEAR DR. DUNN: This note will introduce you to a patient of mine, Mrs. ——. She is desirous of having a set of your beautiful teeth. She is now wearing a set I made for her about a year ago. She will explain to you why she wishes to change. Will you kindly do the very best for her you possibly can? and I will consider it a personal favor, and remain very truly yours,

FRANK ABBOTT.

In this specialty, DR. WILLIAM E. DUNN, of 331 Lexington Avenue, has during the last thirty years put in use 6,000 plates, giving to his patrons entire satisfaction. The improvements he has made within the past two years place it in a position still farther above all other kinds of Dentistry.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

LUCK STRIKES NEW YORK.

FOUR OF THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY'S BIG PRIZES COME TO THIS CITY.

Good fortune often comes when least expected, and smiles upon those who are not looking for her. A striking instance of this is the case of Dr. R. Asselta, of 41 Marion Street, whom the fickle goddess favored in a most agreeable way. About four weeks ago he and a number of other prominent gentlemen belonging to the Italian colony in this city were at a ball, and in the course of conversation at the supper-table discussed the variations of good and bad fortune which they had each experienced. As a result of the conversation, some one proposed that they should try their luck by buying lottery tickets. After considerable discussion it was decided that each of the fifteen gentlemen who had taken part in the conversation should buy a ticket in the Louisiana Lottery Company's drawing, to be held on the 13th ult. Each was to buy one-tenth of a ticket, which costs \$1, and if any one should win a prize he was to give the others a wine supper.

Dr. Asselta bought one-tenth of ticket No. 61,677, and was agreeably surprised to hear, the day after the drawing, that his ticket had drawn the fourth capital prize of \$10,000, and he was entitled to one-tenth of that sum. Last week the doctor got his money, and his friends their wine supper at his expense.

There were three other lucky men in this town besides Dr. Asselta, on the 13th ult. One of them held one-tenth of ticket No. 61,503, which won the second capital prize of \$50,000. The winner was a modest man and didn't want his name published, so he had the money collected for him by the People's Bank of this city through Adams Express Company.

Another lucky man was Godhill Wizeman, who conceals his identity by giving his address as New York city, but his name does not appear in the City Directory. He is evidently a Wise-man, who does not want to be overrun by strikers and others willing to share the good fortune that befell him when he paid \$1 for one one-tenth of ticket No. 95,272, which drew the third capital prize of \$30,000, and was worth a cool \$2,000 to Mr. Wizeman.

A fourth favorite of fortune in this city also held one-tenth of ticket No. 95,272 and scooped in \$2,000 for his investment of one dollar. He, too, preferred to conceal his identity, and got his friend, Mr. Benjamin Nathan, of 838 Broadway, to collect it for him through Adams Express Company.—*New York Daily News* October 5th.

CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS were prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert for his private use. Their reputation is such to-day that they have become generally known as the best appetizing tonic. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.



How to Cure Skin & Scalp Diseases with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

TORTLING, DISFIGURING, ITCHING, SCALY and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of disease-sustaining elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of crusts, scales and sores, and restores the hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating skin diseases, baby humors, skin blemishes, chapped and oily skin. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the great skin beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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For people to expect a cure for Indigestion, unless they refrain from eating what is unwholesome; but if anything will sharpen the appetite and give tone to the digestive organs, it is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Thousands all over the land testify to the merits of this medicine.

Mrs. Sarah Burroughs, of 248 Eighth street, South Boston, writes: "My husband has taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for Dyspepsia and torpid liver, and has been greatly benefited."

A Confirmed Dyspeptic.

C. Canterbury, of 141 Franklin st., Boston, Mass., writes, that, suffering for years from Indigestion, he was at last induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla and, by its use, was entirely cured.

Mrs. Joseph Aubin, of High street, Holyoke, Mass., suffered for over a year from Dyspepsia, so that she could not eat substantial food, became very weak, and was unable to care for her family. Neither the medicines prescribed by physicians, nor any of the remedies advertised for the cure of Dyspepsia, helped her, until she commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "Three bottles of this medicine," she writes, "cured me."

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"Amusing Adventures, Afloat and on Shore, by Three American Boys" (Mrs. Frank Leslie's Publishing House), is a capital book for juvenile readers. The adventures, which are supposed to have taken place during the last year, are largely concerned with contemporary events in the Old World, and are well related. The illustrations are numerous and spirited.—*N. Y. Sun*, Oct. 3d.

An interesting book for young readers is "Amusing Adventures, Afloat and on Shore, of Three American Boys," which is sufficiently characterized when we say that it is a descriptive and somewhat humorous narrative of a voyage from New York to India and back again, embracing in going and coming sundry minor voyages and trips of travel in different parts of Europe, Asia and Africa.—*Mail and Express*, Oct. 6th.

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NOVEMBER NUMBER

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"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT, and Deodorant, is a sure preventive of all contagious and infectious diseases. It is invaluable in the sick room.

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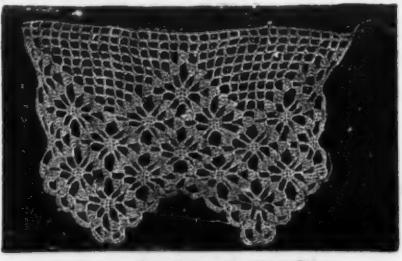


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Indigestion,
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FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

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Interest income over three million seven hundred thousand dollars, being over 5% per cent. on average net assets, and over nine hundred thousand dollars in excess of death losses paid.

Market value of securities over three million six hundred thousand dollars in excess of their cost.

Liabilities, both actual and contingent, provided for, and a surplus of over fifteen and a half million dollars by the State Standard.

AN INCREASE of over three million dollars in income, over two millions in surplus, over eight millions in assets, over sixteen millions in insurance written, and of over forty-four millions of insurance in force — OVER THE FIGURES OF THE PRECEDING YEAR.

Over three hundred million dollars of insurance in force, January 1, 1887.

Summary of Report.

BUSINESS OF 1886.

Received in Premiums.....\$15,507,906.04
Received in Interest, Rents, etc. 3,722,502.21

Total Income.....\$19,230,408.28

Paid Death Claims.....2,757,035.97
Paid Endowments.....559,075.01
Paid Dividends, Annuities, and
for policies Purchased.....4,311,119.11

Total Paid Policy-holders.....\$7,627,230.09

New Policies Issued.....22,027
New Insurance Written.....\$85,178,294.00

CONDITION JAN. 1, 1887.

Cash Assets.....\$75,421,453.37

*Divisible Surplus, Co.'s Standard \$8,080,527.25
+Tontine " " " 4,176,425.25

Total Surplus, Co.'s St'drd.....\$12,456,952.50

Surplus by State St'drd (434 Pct.) \$15,549,319.53

Policies in Force.....97,719

Insurance in Force.....\$304,373,540.00

PROGRESS IN 1886.

Excess of Interest over Death-
losses Paid.....\$965,466.27
Increase in Income3,109,235.54
Increase in Surplus, State St'dr. 2,334,272.59
Increase in Assets.....8,557,132.05
Increase in Insurance Written. 16,656,842.00
Increase in Insurance in Force.. 44,699,040.00

* Exclusive of the amount specially reserved as a contingent liability to Tontine Dividend Fund.

+ Over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class.

THE NEW YORK LIFE

ISSUES A

**Greater Variety of Policies
THAN ANY OTHER COMPANY,**

Thereby adapting its contracts to the largest number of people. It has lately perfected a return-premium feature, under which many of its policies are issued with

**Guaranteed Return of all Premiums Paid,
in addition to the Amount
Originally Insured.**

In case of death during a specified period.

The returns on the NEW YORK LIFE's Tontine Policies that have matured have been

LARGER THAN THOSE OF ANY OTHER COMPANY

(whether Tontine or Ordinary), comparison being made between policies taken at same age and premium rate, and running through the same period of time.

Do not insure until you have seen full particulars of the NEW YORK LIFE's Policies. Do not fail to write the nearest Agent, or the Home Office, for such particulars—at once.

New York Life Insurance Co.,
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THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier.

D. O'DELL, Supt. of Agencies.

A. HUNTINGTON, M.D., Medical Director.